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THE EMERSON CENTENARY IN CONCORD 1903

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1854

R. Waldo Emerson

1803 — 1903

THE CENTENARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

Ralph Waldo Emerson

AS OBSERVED IN CONCORD MAY 25 1903

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Printed at The Riverside Press
FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD
JUNE 1903

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JUNE 1903

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PS
1635
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1903

EMERSON

"WHEREVER the English language is spoken throughout the world his fame is established and secure. . . . But we, his neighbors and townsmen, feel that he was *ours*. He was descended from the founders of the town. He chose our village as the place where his lifelong work was to be done. It was to our fields and orchards that his presence gave such value; it was our streets in which the children looked up to him with love, and the elders with reverence. He was our ornament and pride."

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR,
April 30, 1882.

INTRODUCTION

THE proceedings recorded in this volume resulted from the following votes passed at a meeting of

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD

on December 23, 1902:

VOTED: That the Social Circle in Concord arrange a celebration of the Centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson, May 25, 1903, their best beloved and respected member for many years.

VOTED: That the members of the Circle be a committee to make arrangements for the same.

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THE MORNING

EMERSON CENTENARY

MEMORIAL EXERCISES in the Town Hall in Concord, Massachusetts, on the morning of Monday, May 25, 1903, one hundred years after the birth of RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Arranged by the Social Circle, a society of which he was a member for forty-two years.

1. OPENING HYMN: "THE PILGRIM FATHERS"

2. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

By William Lorenzo Eaton
Chairman of the Meeting

3. RECITATIONS

By Pupils of the High School

4. SONG: "ODE"

Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July 4, 1857

By Pupils of the High School

5. ADDRESS

By LeBaron Russell Briggs

6. SONG: "CONCORD HYMN"

Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836

By all the Schools

7. CLOSING SONG: "GLORIA"

From Mozart's Twelfth Mass

By Pupils of the High School

THE EMERSON CENTENARY

THE MORNING

On the occasion of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Concord, Mr. Emerson being the orator of the day, "the children of the town, to the number of five hundred, moved in procession to the Common in front of the old church and Court House," and thence proceeded to the church. "The North Gallery had been assigned for them: but (it was a good omen) the children overran the space assigned for their accommodation and were sprinkled throughout the house and ranged in seats along the aisles." Following this precedent the Social Circle as a part of its plan for the suitable observance of the one hundredth anniversary of Mr. Emerson's birth, determined to arrange a morning meeting for the children of the town, in which they should participate. The School Committee was requested to make May 25th a school holiday, and pupils of the Grammar and High School grades of the public schools and their teachers were invited to a morning meeting in the Town Hall on that day. A similar invitation was extended to the

pupils and teachers of the Middlesex School, the Concord School, and Miss White's Home School.

The pupils of these schools, to the number of six hundred, came together at half past ten, filling the hall, both floor and gallery. The children and grandchildren of Mr. Emerson, the Social Circle, the School Committee of Concord, and other invited guests to the number of sixty or more, occupied the platform in the rear of the speakers.

Thus in 1903 as in 1835 the young people of the town were assembled to help celebrate the day. To quote the special correspondent of the Springfield Republican: —

"The Social Circle could have done nothing better than by bringing the children into the event of the town, and making them perceive that it was also an occasion of the world, and that they had a proper and, indeed, a most important part in it."

The young people were seated punctually in the seats previously assigned, and the exercises opened with singing of "The Pilgrim Fathers" by the schools, under the leadership of Fred W. Archibald.

An address was then given by William Lorenzo Eaton, Superintendent of Public Schools in Concord, as follows: —

ADDRESS OF
WILLIAM LORENZO EATON

PUPILS OF THE CONCORD SCHOOLS: You have been asked to come here to-day to participate in exercises in honor of Concord's foremost citizen. But he whom we to-day celebrate was much more than a citizen of Concord, for his name and fame have gone wherever men live and have regard for sincerity, and truth, and duty, and honor. Yet the Social Club, of which he was a member for more than forty years, has arranged to-day's series of memorial exercises with the feeling that in a peculiar and limited sense he who lived here a neighbor to your fathers and grandfathers belonged to this town. The gentlemen of this club also thought that it was fitting that the children of the town should have a meeting arranged especially for them. For you, young people, are the hope of your native town. Your faces are toward the future. To you they look to maintain the high ideals, to carry forward the high purposes to which this town has been committed for so many generations. It is their expectation and belief that from this meeting you will carry away impressions of this great man that will help to make your lives nobler, and purer, and sweeter; that there will descend upon you something of that spirit, of that radiant personality that set Emerson apart and made him a transcendent power for noble living wherever his word has reached.

His personality was indeed a radiant one! No one came in contact with him during his life but felt it strongly and was the better for it. Those who have come under its influence through the printed volumes which he has left as a legacy to the world, feel and acknowledge its power. This spirit, this power, this intangible something, which fills this hall where his voice was heard so many times; which pervades these streets in which he walked; which rests upon these meadows and forests which he traversed; which clings to his home where he wrought through a long and fruitful lifetime, has entered into the lives of all of us with an uplifting force that we feel, though we may not define.

To you young people, as well as to your elders, must often come the query, What constitutes greatness? Why do we accord greatness to this man and not to that man? What is its test? What the touchstone by which we recognize it? I suppose that you, as you grow older and think more deeply upon these matters, must come to the same conclusion that thinking people always reach, that a great man is great because he, more clearly than any one else, expresses the ideals and aspirations of his age. Especially is this true of great poets and great statesmen. We all know that Abraham Lincoln was a great man. Now, he was a great man because he had the power to see, and the power to express, in clear and decisive action, what all men, at the North at least, were thinking and were eager to express. He became

the God-given leader of the Northern conscience that found expression in the political action which has given a new and a nobler meaning to our great Nation.

To Mr. Emerson, also, we must accord a leadership of the men of his age. But were he the spokesman merely of his own age, and for his own age, he would fall short of that superlative greatness that we believe is now determined for him. The utterances of such a man become proverbial. Once they fall from his lips they are upon the lips of all men. For they reveal to all men and, at the same time, express for all men the truths which they have been feeling, and trying in vain adequately to express. They become the current coin of men's daily speech, and are used without conscious thought of their origin.

You are familiar, even at your age, with some of this coinage. Lines which have been embodied in the every-day language of the people readily recur to your minds. I need hardly recall them to you. They are such as these: —

"He builded better than he knew,
"The conscious stone to beauty grew."

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

"Pure by impure is not seen."

"Obey thy heart."

"When half gods go,
The gods arrive."

"He serves all who dares to be true."

"The silent organ loudest chants
The Master's requiem."

"What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent."

"Right is might throughout the world."

"'T is man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

Then you remember the lines which ring as a clarion call to every young soul who looks to live a noble and useful life, —

"So nigh is Grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

I need hardly say that the man who makes the proverbs, the current sayings, for the nation is the man who exerts an undisputed moral leadership which guides that nation onward and upward.

I have asked you to think of Emerson as a great poet. Did time permit I would ask you to consider him as a great lecturer and essayist. Above all I would have you know him as a man who was greater than his works. I would have you understand, too, that it was the young people of his day who heard and heeded his message rather than their elders. Believing as I do that he has the same message for you, I urge you, therefore, young people of Concord, as you grow older to acquaint yourselves with Emerson. Go with him into the pine woods that he loved so well, and which whispered such

secrets into his ear. Perhaps you will hear those secrets also. Walk over these plains with him and with him spend a frequent holiday on his and your dream-giving Indian River. Scale the hills and take the distant view. See Wachusett and Monadnock beckoning you to their heights, as they did him. With him gaze at the sunset. Look into that deep, overarching sky. Hitch your wagon to yonder star, and with him travel into the unexplored and unexplained depths beyond. Gaze upon the rhodora where it blooms, and "leave it on its stalk." Watch the birds in their flight and where they nest, and name them "without a gun." Listen to the humble-bee's "mellow, breezy bass," and think what Emerson heard, and let it teach you the lesson it taught him. In the long winter evenings, when mayhap the snow is swirling around your house, and shuts you from the outer world, take down your volume of Emerson and, in "a tumultuous privacy of storm," read and think, and think and read, until something coming to you out of that great spirit shall have shaped and moulded your lives to nobler thought and deeds.

I have spoken to you of some of the reasons why Emerson's life and teachings should interest and inspire you. In the main they are reasons that would apply to young people of your age anywhere in this broad land. But there are other reasons why the pupils in the Concord schools should have a closer and more personal interest in Emerson. As a boy, years before he came to live in Concord, he visited

the town. It is said that he went to our schools. There is a tradition that, standing on a box or barrel, in the corner grocery, in the store now occupied by Richardson's Pharmacy, he would recite poems to the delight of those who frequented the store.

Later in life he did his duty on the School Committee of the town. We have a recently found copy of the records of the School Committee covering the years from 1826 to 1842. Several pages of these records were written and signed by Mr. Emerson, as Secretary of the School Board.

He enjoyed visiting the schools and listening to the children. He took a special delight in the school that so long was kept nearly opposite his house. The schoolhouse, as you know, was recently removed, and is now occupied by the Sloyd School, over whose entrance might well be placed the line from one of Emerson's Essays, —

"Labor is God's education."

He visited that schoolhouse many times when it was on its original site, long after his duties on the School Committee required such visitation. Many pupils of those days now recall with great delight and pride his visits. He was specially pleased to hear the boys and girls declaim, or recite poetry, for he regarded such exercises as an important part of the education of the young. A gentleman who is now in active business in Boston, speaking to me of his experiences as a boy in the school, said that Mr.

Emerson, after listening awhile to the regular exercises, would, with the consent of the teacher, turn to him and say, "Has n't Henry something for us to-day?" And Henry, all charged for the expected invitation, would rise and recite some choice bit of poetry or of prose, and receive the commendation of his auditor. That boy's name was Wheeler, and since the founding of this town our schools have never lacked a full supply of Wheelers. So, to-day, in introducing to you the part of the programme which is to follow, I will ask a boy, whose name is Wheeler, if he has not something for us to-day.

Then the following recitations were given by pupils of the High School: —

HAMATREYA	*Hermon Temple Wheeler*
FABLE	*Agnes Louise Garvey*
HUMBLE-BEE	*James Joseph Loughlin*
MONADNOCK	*Kenneth Thompson Blood*
BURNS	*Edward Bailey Caiger*
THE TITMOUSE	*Mildred Browne*
LET ME GO	*Lucy Tolman Hosmer*
FORBEARANCE	*Warren Kendall Blodgett*
WOOD-NOTES	*Roland Worthley Butters*
WOOD-NOTES	*Richard Francis Powers*
RHODORA	*Margaret Louise Eaton*

After the singing of the "Ode" of July 4, 1857, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Eaton, introduced Mr. Briggs as follows: —

Twenty-six years ago this very month I attended a meeting here when this hall was filled, floor and gallery, not as to-day with school-children, but with their natural friends, their teachers. They had come to this town from all parts of Middlesex County to discuss questions pertaining to the interests of their schools. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Emerson read to them a portion of his lecture Education. I well remember how he appeared on this platform and I distinctly recall his marvellous voice. There was a carrying power and strength in it the like of which I never heard in any other man. One passage in particular I recall, in which he characterized boys. It seems as if now I heard his voice, as he read: —

I like boys, the masters of the playground and the street, — boys, who have the same liberal ticket of admission to all shops, factories, armories, town-meetings, caucuses, mobs, target-shootings, as flies have; quite unsuspected, coming in as naturally as the janitor, — known to have no money in their pockets, and themselves not suspecting the value of this poverty; putting nobody on his guard, but seeing the inside of the show, — hearing all the asides. There are no secrets from them, they know everything that befalls in the fire-company, the merits of every engine and of every man at the brakes, how to work it, and are swift to try their hands at every part; so too the merits of every locomotive on the

rails, and will coax the engineer to let them ride with him and pull the handles when it goes to the engine-house. They are there only for fun, and not knowing that they are at school, in the court-house, or at the cattle-show, quite as much and more than they were, an hour ago, in the arithmetic class.

The committee in charge of to-day's exercises desired to find some one to address you who knew, and understood, and sympathized with young people. It was not unnatural that their thoughts at once turned to a man who, as a professor and an officer of Harvard College, had had wide and sympathetic dealings with thousands of young men. It was known also that his comprehensive interest in young people was not confined to the young men. The doors of Radcliffe and Wellesley colleges were always open to him, where the welcome accorded him was no less cordial than that which he was accustomed to extend to the Harvard boys summoned to the Dean's office. I have the pleasure of introducing to you today, therefore, Professor Le Baron Russell Briggs, for so many years the well-known and well-beloved Dean of Harvard College.

ADDRESS OF

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

Now and then we meet a man who seems to live high above the little things that vex our lives, and who makes us forget them. He may speak or he may be silent; it is enough that he lives and that we are with him. When we face him, we feel somewhat as we feel when we first see the ocean, or Niagara, or the Alps, or Athens, or when we first read the greatest poetry. Nothing, indeed, is more like great poetry than the soul of a great man; and when the great man is good, when he loves everything that is beautiful and true and makes his life like what he loves, his face becomes transfigured, or, as an old poet used to say, "through-shine;" for the soul within him is the light of the world.

Such a great man was Emerson. He was much beside: he was a philosopher. Sometimes a philosopher is a man who disbelieves everything worth believing, and spends a great deal of strength in making simple things hard; but Emerson was a philosopher in the best sense of the word — a lover of wisdom and of truth. He was also a poet; not a poet like Homer who sang, but a poet like that Greek philosopher, Plato, who thought deep and high, and saw what no one else saw, and told what he saw as no one else could tell it. This is another way of saying that Emerson was a "seer."

To many of you he may not seem a poet, for his verse is often homely and rough. It has lines and stanzas of noble music, —

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

> "Still on the seeds of all he made
> The rose of beauty burns.
> Through times that wear and forms that fade
> Immortal youth returns;"

but seldom many of them in succession.

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply, —
> 'T is man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die.'"

The first three of these lines are beyond the reach of most poets; the fourth line is prose.

"I am born a poet," he wrote to his betrothed; "of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is, for the most part, in prose." "He lamented his hard fate," says his biographer, Mr. Cabot, "in being only half a bard; or, as he wrote to Carlyle, 'not a poet, but a lover of poetry and poets, and merely serving as writer, etc, in this empty America before the arrival of the poets.'" He questioned whether to print his poems, "uncertain always," he wrote, "whether I have one true spark of that fire which burns in verse;" and in a

little poem, called "The Test," he says that in some five hundred of his verses,

"Five lines lasted, sound and true."

When he wrote prose, he thought of a sentence by itself, and not of its connection with other sentences; and when he wrote verse, he thought, it would seem, of the form of each line, without much attention to the form or the length of its neighbors, or even to its own smoothness, — he whose ear for a prose sentence was trained so delicately.

Yet I, for one, would give up any other poetry of America rather than Emerson's; and I am certain that one secret of his power over men and women was his belief that every human soul *is* poetry and a poet, and his waking of men and women to that belief. He had beyond other men a poet's heart; and if, as Carlyle says, to see deeply is to see musically, and poetry is musical thought, he is a poet of poets.

"God hid the whole world in thy heart,"

says Emerson. "The poet," he says elsewhere, "knows why the plain or meadow of space was strown with these flowers we call suns, and moons, and stars; why the great deep is adorned with animals, with men and gods."

Nature he lived with; and when he wrote of her, he wrote as one who knew her as his closest friend. "My book should smell of pines," he said.

"To read the sense the woods impart
You must bring the throbbing heart."

"Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only a mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad."

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
. . . . . .
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine."

"Thou" [the poet], he said, "shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own; and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger and awe and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee; and though thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble."

The poet is not only a seer, he is a hearer: —

"Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,

From all that 's fair, from all that 's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red-breast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Yet it was not cheerfulness that made Emerson a poet; and certainly it was not music, in the common understanding of the term: it was high thought, joined with a wonderful gift — an almost inspired sense — of the right word; a gift not always his, but his so often that he has said more memorable things than any other American. You can find no higher simplicity in the fitting of word to thought: —

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply."

While I speak of the poetry in him and the love of nature, let me read what he wrote to a little girl of thirteen who looked up to him then and always: —

My dear Lucia: — I am afraid you think me very ungrateful for the good letters which I begged for and which are so long in coming to me, or that I am

malicious and mean to make you wait as long for an answer; but, to tell you the truth, I have had so many "composition lessons" set me lately, that I am sure that no scholar of Mr. Moore's has had less spare time. Otherwise I should have written instantly; for I have an immense curiosity for Plymouth news, and have a great regard for my young correspondent. I would gladly know what books Lucia likes to read when nobody advises her, and most of all what her thoughts are when she walks alone or sits alone. For, though I know that Lucia is the happiest of girls in having in her sister so wise and kind a guide, yet even her aid must stop when she has put the book before you: neither sister nor brother nor mother nor father can think for us: in the little private chapel of your own mind none but God and you can see the happy thoughts that follow each other, the beautiful affections that spring there, the little silent hymns that are sung there at morning and at evening. And I hope that every sun that shines, every star that rises, every wind that blows upon you will only bring you better thoughts and sweeter music. Have you found out that Nature is always talking to you, especially when you are alone, though she has not the gift of articulate speech? Have you found out what that great gray old ocean that is always in your sight says? Listen. And what the withered leaves that shiver and chatter in the cold March wind? Only listen. The Wind is the poet of the World, and sometimes he sings very pretty summer

ballads, and sometimes very terrible odes and dirges. But if you will not tell me the little solitary thoughts that I am asking for, what Nature says to you, and what you say to Nature, at least you can tell me about your books, — what you like the least and what the best, — the new studies, — the drawing and the music and the dancing, — and fail not to write to your friend,

R. Waldo Emerson.

His "immense curiosity for Plymouth news" is not surprising; for he wrote this letter shortly before his marriage with Miss Jackson, of Plymouth. The "wise and kind" sister of his little correspondent was Miss Jackson's closest friend, and stood up with her at the wedding.

Emerson was also a patriot, a man who loved his country, and longed for it to do right. "One thing," he says, "is plain for all men of common sense and common conscience, that here, here in America, is the home of man." "America is a poem in our eyes," "its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres."

"For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'ermantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free."

"For he that worketh high and wise
Nor pauses in his plan,

Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

Yet his greatest patriotic poem is not the Fourth of July Ode, from which I have been quoting, —

("O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire,")

and not the Concord Hymn, never so familiar that we can read without a thrill, —

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

His greatest patriotic poem is Voluntaries, which treats of slavery and the conflict between North and South. Freedom loves the North; —

"The snowflake is her banner's star;
Her stripes the boreal streamer are."

It is this poem that answers the terrible question; —

"Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight?"

with that mighty quatrain, —

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Yet Emerson is greatest, not as philosopher, poet, or patriot, but as helper of men. He made men better by simply walking among them. I have spoken of his face as "through-shine," as transfigured

with love and refinement and wisdom, with the vision that shall not fade, —

> "And never poor beseeching glance
> Shamed that sculptured countenance."

It is much to remember him as I do, even in his old age; to have lived with those to whom he was "*Mr.* Emerson," who had known him early, and who loved him as they loved no other man. Some of you may secretly wonder whether he was all that your elders have called him, — just as I used to wonder whether the Parthenon, the great temple at Athens, was not Professor Norton's building rather than mine, whether it would appeal to such as I. When I saw the Parthenon, even in its ruin, I accepted it instantly and forever; and, if you could have seen Emerson, even in his enfeebled old age, you would have accepted him.

> "No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one autumnal face."

Emerson's face was the highest and the loveliest and the most "through-shine," because his life was all this. "Is it so bad?" he wrote to a friend who had said that "no one would dare to uncover the thoughts of a single hour," — "Is it so bad? I own that to a witness worse than myself and less intelligent I should not willingly put a window into my breast. But to a witness more intelligent and virtuous than I, or to one precisely as intelligent and well intentioned, I have no objection to uncover my heart."

"He was right," says Mr. Cabot, "he could only have gained by it." "It was good," says Hawthorne in a passage that Mr. Cabot quotes, "to meet him in the wood-paths or sometimes in our avenue with that pure intellectual gleam diffusing about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he, so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he would impart. It was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought."

Emerson himself has told us that "Rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people." So it was with him; as it is written of one whom no man was more like, "There went virtue out of him and healed them all." He who knew sorrow yet was glad, who knew self-distrust yet stood self-reliant, who knew weakness yet remained strong, who knew bitterness yet kept sweet, whose love of man and of nature and of nature in man, shone through his face, and through every page he wrote, — he seemed to those near him the very prophet of God, preaching hope, freedom, courage, the glory of a high and simple life. "The sublime vision," he says, "comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body." "If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak."

> "Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
> Who climb each night the ancient sky,
> Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
> No trace of age, no fear to die."

In his presence weak men were ashamed that they had ever wondered whether it was worth while to live; for in his presence, even in the presence of what he had written, it was harder to be a coward than to be brave.

Of young people — not children, but young men and women — he was the supreme helper; and we must remember that it was not only neighbors and friends who loved him, not only those that touched the hem of his garment who were made whole. His voice, his manner, his presence, charmed and refined all who came near him; but his written words put courage into ten thousand hearts.

"Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

"We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds."

"If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

"We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate where strength is born."

"But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward forever more!'"

"Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say, 'I think,' 'I am,' but

quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day."

"I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart and be the nobility of this land."

Here is the star to which many an awkward and timid country lad has hitched his wagon; the strong and steady light to which the lights that flickered in a thousand hearts have flashed their bravest answer. This gentle scholar was a man, and a man who inspired others with his own manliness. There was in his philosophy no room for the weak and lazy. With all his visions he had a keen sense of the value of time, and expressed it (with more truth than poetry) in "The Visit:"—

> "Askest, 'How long thou shalt stay?'
> Devastator of the day!"

"Do your work," he says, "and I shall know you. Do your work and you shall reinforce yourself. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much."

"The distinction and end of a soundly constituted man is his labor. Use is inscribed on all his faculties. Use is the end to which he exists. As the tree exists for its fruit, so a man for his work. A fruitless plant, an idle animal, does not stand in the universe."

He believed in work that left no time for worrying: —

> "But blest is he who playing deep yet haply asks not why,
> Too busied with the crowded hour to fear to live or die."

And he believed in work through everything, —

> "On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
> Time hath his work to do and we have ours."

Such was the courage of his preaching and of his life. We are to be ourselves in the present, not to make ourselves like anybody else or like what we ourselves have been. If we are inconsistent, no matter; if we are misunderstood, no matter. "With consistency," he says, "a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. 'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood!' Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? . . . Every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh" has been misunderstood.

"Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour."

"Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral, which knows the

way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good."

And there was no room in his philosophy for the sickly and discontented. As one of "the first obvious rules of life," he says, "Get health." "And the best part of health," he adds, "is fine disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in the works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom."

"I know how easy it is to men of the world to look grave, and sneer at your sanguine youth and its glittering dreams. But I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people."

Nor is cheerfulness for the young only: —

> "Spring still makes spring in the mind
> When sixty years are told;
> Love wakes anew this throbbing heart
> And we are never old.
> Over the winter glaciers
> I see the summer glow,
> And through the wild-piled snow-drift
> The warm rosebuds below."

Even though old age bring loss of power, it need not bring loss of cheerfulness: —

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time

I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime,
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

If disaster come, there is good in it. "We learn geology the morning after the earthquake."

George Eliot tells us of a woman who seemed among other people like a fine quotation from the Bible in a paragraph of a newspaper. Something like this might be said of Emerson, who brought into every-day life the help that cometh from the hills. "I believe," says an old friend of his, "no man ever had so deep an influence as he had on the life and thought of the young people of his day. I think there are many who would say . . . that it has been one of the chief privileges of their life to have lived at the same time with him."

I have tried to show you what Emerson has meant to American youth; how he has stood for pure life, high thought, brave speech, patient and cheerful work; how he found in everything poetry and a man's poetry, and revealed that poetry to the world: but this is not all. It is as easy to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" as to compass in half an hour a great man. I might speak of him as a forerunner of Darwin. "Man," he says, "is no upstart in the creation, but has been prophesied in nature

for a thousand, thousand ages before he appeared . . . His limbs are only a more exquisite organization — say rather the finish — of the rudimental forms that have been already sweeping the sea and creeping in the mud; the brother of his hand is even now cleaving the Arctic sea in the fin of the whale, and innumerable ages since was pawing the marsh in the flipper of the saurian." I might speak of his Yankee humor, or of his tenderness and romance, —

> "The little Shakspeare in the maiden's heart
> Makes Romeo of a ploughboy on his cart;"

but I purposely let them pass with this bare mention (as I let pass "The Titmouse," "The Rhodora," "The Mountain and the Squirrel," "The Humble-bee"); for I wish you this day to think of Emerson, living and dead, as a high and helpful friend. There is no better company, no better society, than his. Read him and re-read him. Do not try to write like him: he would have you write like none but yourselves; and besides, his style is his and his only. Do not try to *be* like him, except so far as in being your best selves you come into the likeness of all who are good and true. When you read him, do not be troubled if you lose the thread of his thought; he himself did that; yet, as a young man once said of him, "His sayings are like the stars, which are scattered disorderly but together make a firmament of light."

"Hundreds of people," says Ruskin, "can talk

for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one."

This man who walked your streets, and loved them, spoke with a voice that is rare in any race or time; he thought as it is given to few to think; and he saw. We have had no man like him. I will not say that we have had none so great. Lincoln may have been greater. They are so different that we cannot compare the two: and yet, as Lincoln's proclamation brought life and hope to captive hearts, so did the brave word that Emerson spoke flash on the souls of men the truth that they were slaves no more; that each might and must stand to his work erect and strong, since nature and God were his very own. The eyes of the blind were opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; "for he came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The morning exercises then closed with the "Concord Hymn," sung by all the schools, and the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, sung by pupils of the High School.

THE AFTERNOON

Emerson Centenary

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

IN THE MEETING HOUSE
OF THE FIRST PARISH
IN

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

ON

MONDAY AFTERNOON
MAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE

ONE HUNDRED YEARS
AFTER THE BIRTH OF

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ARRANGED BY THE SOCIAL CIRCLE
A SOCIETY OF WHICH HE WAS A
MEMBER FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS

ORDER OF EXERCISES

1. MUSIC

Under the direction of THOMAS W. SURETTE

2. PRAYER

By REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD

3. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

By SAMUEL HOAR

Chairman of the Meeting

4. ADDRESS

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

5. ADDRESS

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

6. A SONG OF DESTINY

By FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN
English Translation by REV. J. TROUTBECK
Music by JOHANNES BRAHMS

"Far in yon regions of light, where pleasures fail not,
wander the Spirits blest,
Breathed on by airs of glory, bright and divine, like a harp
when a master hand wakes it from silence.
Free from care like a babe that is sleeping, are they that in
Heaven dwell.
Pure and lowly as half opened blossoms, in those fields of
light they ever bloom;
And in bliss are their eyes still gazing on clearness calm
and eternal."

Sung by the CONCORD CHORAL ASSOCIATION

7. ADDRESS

By WILLIAM JAMES

PRAYER

BY LOREN BENJAMIN MACDONALD

O GOD, we thank Thee for that Divine Wisdom which, from generation to generation, entering into holy souls, has made them friends of God and prophets. We come before Thy face deeply grateful for the gift of that illumined soul whose name to-day we honor. We thank Thee for all the blessed way in which Thou didst lead him. We bless Thee that, entering into his mind and heart, Thou didst so guide him in the way of truth and light and beauty, that, shedding down upon us to-day the greatness of his thought and the beauty of his spirit, we catch something of that divine influence and inspiration, and our lives are made sweeter and better because he has lived.

We thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst so touch his heart in early youth that he was led on in devout allegiance to the spirit of truth to which he gave his life — that truth which brought him into Thy sacred presence. We thank Thee that Thy spirit of beauty so took possession of his soul that he was evermore guided by it to Thee, the source of all beauty. We thank Thee for that vision of righteousness by which he was ever led on into the Holy of Holies of Thy presence. And we thank Thee that from that mount of vision, from that divine insight, he comes to us to-day to quicken our better life, to

make the world more beautiful for us, to make the way of life more sacred, to give us a deeper sense of responsibility in living, so that our lives mean more to us to-day because of his teaching.

We come at this hour yielding our minds and hearts in gracious and loving admiration and allegiance to his blessed influence. We feel the touch of his spirit in these sacred surroundings. We feel that, in these places hallowed by his presence, we stand on holy ground. We pray Thee that more and more we may feel that the beauty of the world is increased to us, indeed, because he has lived. Grant us, we pray, that, standing in the inspiration of his memory, with the blessed influence of his spirit pressing in upon our spirits, we may, indeed, follow in that way to which he pointed. May his spirit be an antidote for all our restlessness, a cure for all that is shallow and unworthy in our lives. May we, entering to-day into the silences of the spirit, feeling ourselves in the presence of that great Over-Soul, in whose presence he felt himself, be inspired, as he was, to go forth to do Thy work for the right, and to earnest labor for Thy blessed kingdom of truth and beauty and goodness. Make us also illumined souls, touched by that divine fire from above, so that we, too, catching some vision from the mount, may go forward to help bring something of the divine kingdom of light and peace and joy here upon the earth.

We ask it all as Thy children, Amen.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL HOAR

NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS: — It is a rare event in the life of a New England town when, by a common impulse, men pause to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of one of its citizens.

With patriotic pride, and deep and tender feeling, we are accustomed to recur at frequent intervals to the pathetic story of those settlements in the wilderness, of which this in Concord was the type, and we note with high appreciation that what was then sown here in weakness has been raised in power again and yet again.

And we also esteem it a priceless heritage, worthy of continued celebration, that when in the providence of God it became necessary that the might of England should be "fronted and driven back," to secure the preservation of the liberty of which the Fathers had sown the seed, there was then found here the fertile field and the husbandmen ready for the harvest. These strengthening memories are a part of our local history.

It is not, however, the least of the claims of Concord to fame that out from her loins should have sprung the great intellectual and spiritual leader and emancipator of America.

It seems fitting that this people should commemorate Emerson on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, for their history and their quiet fields

furnished the alembic in which that clear and pure spirit was distilled.

Of the seven men who had been ministers of this town before his birth, whose names are borne on yonder tablet, he claimed five as his kindred. It was the blood of Peter Bulkeley, the founder, repeating itself in his veins, that made him a non-conformist. His grandfather, William Emerson, the preacher of the Revolution, transmitted to him a lofty patriotism. If there was found in his discourses a moving eloquence, it was traceable to the unquenchable spirit of Daniel Bliss, his great-grandfather, who came down here from Springfield to discipline and divide this people, of whom it was said that when the celebrated Whitefield preached here in 1764 in the afternoon, and Mr. Bliss preached in the morning, "the Concord people thought their minister gave them the better sermon of the two."

The Social Circle, of which Mr. Emerson was an active member for forty-two years, itself a society in this town which traces its origin to the Committee of Safety in the Revolution, acting in this behalf for the people of Concord, has invited you to join with it in this Commemoration. It has appointed me its mouthpiece. The summons must be obeyed, for I cannot disregard those voices, audible to myself alone, which bid me to say what I can.

This Society, with the modesty generated by over one hundred and twenty years of life in Concord, recalls what Emerson himself recorded of it in 1844:

"Much the best society I have ever known is a club in Concord called the Social Circle, consisting always of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, etc., solidest of men who yield the solidest of gossip."

It should be added that no member of the Social Circle now living was a member when these words were written.

I suppose that a majority of this audience will agree that the earliest misfortune in Mr. Emerson's life, which, however, he did all he could to counteract in after years, was that he was not born in Concord.

The record which fixes the time of his birth speaks of three successive events, and is found in his father's diary, as follows: —

"May 25, 1803. Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance. This day also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son Ralph Waldo was born. Mrs. E. well. — Club at Mr. Adams'."

So we, too, divide our ceremonies to-day into three parts: an acceptable discourse in the morning; a symposium after noon; and a meeting of the Club in the evening.

His father, the Rev. William Emerson, who in 1803 was the minister of the First Church in Boston, died in 1811 when Ralph Waldo was eight years old. His mother, left a widow with six children and in narrow circumstances, was a woman of

high character, who under great difficulties reared and educated her family. When they were without food for a day she sustained them by stories of heroic endurance. His grandfather, William Emerson, minister of this town, builder of the Old Manse, in which his children were born, addressed and encouraged the minutemen on the Common in the early morning of the nineteenth of April, 1775, was witness and recorder of the fight at the bridge, joined the army at Ticonderoga as chaplain, and died of camp-fever in 1776.

The only grandfather Mr. Emerson ever knew was Dr. Ezra Ripley, minister in this town for nearly sixty-three years, who married the widow of his predecessor and lived in the Old Manse, where Mr. Emerson came as a boy on frequent visits, attending school, and forming the acquaintance of the families of the town, and the fields, trees, and meadows which were his intimate friends during his long life. His biographical sketch of Dr. Ripley, published among the memoirs of the Social Circle, shows a deep appreciation of the life and character and manners of a sturdy New England minister of the old school, and does not fail to note the humorous side of its subject.

Mr. Emerson entered Harvard College in 1817, was President's Freshman under President Kirkland, which office entitled him to a room rent free, earned needed money as a waiter in Commons, held several scholarships, withdrew with his class from college

in his sophomore year because some of its members were expelled for a fight with freshmen, returned and graduated about midway in his class in 1821, and was its class poet. He taught school, studied for the ministry, was ordained in 1826 and preached, was threatened by serious sickness, became associate pastor with the Rev. Henry Ware in the Second Church in Boston (the old church of Cotton Mather), separated himself therefrom in 1832, refused offers of settlement from other societies, and came to Concord with his mother to board at the Old Manse in the fall of 1834, when he was thirty-one years of age.

He came to be the seer and prophet and poet, the teacher and the spokesman of this town. On its great occasions he appeared for it, and not only illumined the events of which he spoke but made those events vocal and perpetuated them in human memory. His address on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town is easily the first of its kind. It should be read here to each successive generation on the twelfth of September, even as the Declaration of Independence is read in our towns on the Fourth of July. It was delivered on Saturday, September 12, 1835, when he was thirty-two years old. He drove to Plymouth on the fourteenth, was there married to Miss Lydia Jackson, and drove back on the fifteenth with his wife, to the house which he had bought on the Cambridge turnpike, to live there the rest of his life.

Of the farm, as he called it, on which he lived, he subsequently wrote thus: —

"When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue-birds, bobolinks, and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp. Neither did I fully consider what an indescribable luxury is our Indian River, which runs parallel with the village street and to which every house on that long street has a back door which leads down through the garden to the river bank; where a skiff or dory gives you all summer access to enchantments new every day, and all winter to miles of ice for the skater. Still less did I know what good and true neighbors I was buying: men of thought and virtue, some of them known the country through for their learning, or subtlety, or action, or patriotic power, but whom I had the pleasure of knowing long before the country did; and other men, not known widely, but known at home, farmers, not doctors of laws, but doctors of land, skilled in turning a swamp or a sandbank into a fruitful field, and where witch-grass and nettles grew causing a forest of apple-trees or miles of corn and rye to thrive. I did not know what groups of interesting school-boys and fair school-girls were to greet me in the highway, and to take hold of one's heart at the school exhibitions."

In 1837 he wrote the famous hymn for the dedi-

cation of the Battle Monument, and compressed the story of the fight into the lines which are now inscribed on the base of the statue of the Minuteman.

And we take pride in the knowledge that the sublime record of his mighty thoughts has been heard round the world, with a potency for good at least as effective as the shot of the embattled farmers.

In his old age, upon the one hundredth anniversary of the fight, he spoke at our great celebration, saying at the close, "It is a proud and tender story. I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the fifty-ninth chapter of Bancroft's History without tears of joy."

And what great benefactions he showered upon this people all his life. He gratuitously gave one hundred lectures before our Lyceum, or an average of two a year. It was sometimes irreverently said that he tried them on in Concord. If this were true, it is comforting to us to admit that they proved a good fit. They are themselves the record of a noble life. They constitute the greatest service rendered to this community by any single life in its history. They were eagerly attended by old and young. They were filled with lofty and inspiring thoughts, and every now and then came flashes of unexpected humor.

I remember hearing as a boy a lecture of his; the subject I have forgotten, its doctrines probably I did not appreciate; I was no doubt charmed as always by the music of his voice and the felicity of his diction. Perhaps he was arguing for concentration of

effort. He turned from the pages of his manuscript, which, like a handful of pearls, he would seem to take one by one at random and discourse upon, and, hesitating a moment as he looked out upon his audience, smiled, and said, "No man, says the Italian proverb, can carry more than three watermelons under one arm." The memory of this anecdote served a good end thirty years afterward, and furnished an apt illustration of the helpless condition of a witness who had unsuccessfully ventured on a number of falsehoods in testifying to an important transaction.

He was for many years on our School Committee. He regularly attended the town meetings and occasionally took active part in the discussions. We remember his speaking words of high encouragement and patriotic fervor to a company of young men of this town who were starting for the front in the Civil War. These words were spoken on the Common to the descendants of the men for whom his grandfather had done a similar service on the same spot nearly ninety years before.

And when the town dedicated its monument to those who went and did not return, we spontaneously turned again to the kindness which never failed us.

He had long service on the Library Committee of the town. He delivered also the address at the opening of our new Public Library in 1873.

He was a member of this Parish, had during all his life here a pew, in which he sat with his family whenever he went to church.

He acknowledged his own indebtedness to three women of high character and rare attainments, not of his own immediate family, — his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, of whom he wrote, "she gave high counsels: it was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood, a blessing which nothing else in education could supply;" Mrs. Samuel Ripley, of whom he said, "The kindness and genius that blend their light in the eyes of Mrs. Ripley inspire me with some feeling of unworthiness; at least with impatience of doing so little to deserve so much confidence;" and Elizabeth Hoar, of whom he recorded in his journal, "I have no other friend whom I more wish to be immortal than she; an influence I cannot spare, but must always have at hand for recourse."

Mr. Emerson was an idealist, he was *the* idealist of our time, he was "the Man thinking," but he was more than that to us. Where his standard was planted, to that height he had himself attained; yet he was singularly free from self-assertion; he sought for, and seemed eager to recognize, the superiority of others, and lived among us here as other men lived. It is our great felicity that he lived here. He bound us to him by the completeness of his character and the sweetness and simplicity of his life, and by the message of good hope which he continually gave. The supreme test of the neighbor proved his worth. Did not our own Sam Staples say of him that he was "a first-rate neighbor, and one who always kept

his fences up"? And he himself said, "Those of us who do not believe in communities, believe in neighborhoods and that the Kingdom of Heaven may consist of such."

The Chairman then said: —

We have invited some eminent men to speak to us to-day, and I take pleasure in presenting Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge.

ADDRESS OF

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Social Circle, Ladies and Gentlemen of Concord and from abroad: It is well that this day should be celebrated throughout our land, for the memory of Emerson deserves more than mere local honor. It is well, moreover, because the celebration is a virtual protest against the prevalent spirit of materialism and militarism. But here, in this doubly consecrated town, the celebration, as you, Mr. Chairman, have justly said, has special significance and appropriateness, and you will not disapprove of my citing, as accordant with your own words, those of your honored father, Mr. Emerson's near friend, the "incomparable citizen," as he called him, the spokesman of the town at Emerson's funeral, when he said, in his brief and heartfelt address on that occasion: "We, his

neighbors and townsmen, feel that he was *ours*. He was descended from the founders of the town. He chose our village as the place where his lifelong work was to be done. It was to our fields and orchards that his presence gave such value; it was our streets in which the children looked up to him with love, and the elders with reverence. He was our ornament and pride." It is becoming, then, that you, members of the Social Circle to which Emerson belonged for many years, should, above all, commemorate this anniversary, and should ask others to celebrate it with you. I thank you for inviting me to take part in it.

"There are always in the world," says Plato, "a few inspired men whose acquaintance is beyond price." "I am in the habit of thinking," said Mr. Emerson, "that to every serious mind Providence sends from time to time five or six or seven teachers who are of the first importance to him in the lessons they have to impart. The highest of these not so much give particular knowledge, as they elevate by sentiment, and by their habitual grandeur of view."

And of these highest inspired men whose acquaintance is beyond price, and who elevate those who come into relations with them by sentiment and habitual grandeur of view, was Emerson himself. In modern times the influence of these men is diffused through their printed words, and they become teachers of first importance to many remote and unknown readers. Yet now, as in the days of Plato, personal acquaintance with them is beyond price.

But the printed word is diuturnal, and the personal acquaintance transitory. For a little while the personality of these divine men, cherished in the memories of a few of their contemporaries, continues to have a twilight existence; but before long all who knew them face to face have gone from the world, and only hearsay and tradition concerning them remain.

It is an interesting and precious element of this commemorative occasion that so many are taking part in it who remember Mr. Emerson in life, and who bear in their hearts the image of his benignant presence. We, the elders, who held acquaintance with him to be priceless, and for whom he felt a kindly regard or even a friendly affection, can hardly do a better service for the younger generation than to give them, so far as may be possible, a faithful impression of the man himself, who exhibited in his daily walk and conversation a nature of ideal simplicity, dignity, and elevation.

Emerson was fortunate in the time and place of his birth. I doubt if there has ever been a community happier in its main conditions, moral and material, than that of Massachusetts during the early years of the last century. But it was essentially immature; it had not yet secured intellectual independence; its thought, its literature, its manners, its religion, were imported and derivative. Many men of vigorous character and abundant natural capacity were found in it; but there were few who

possessed originality or depth of intellect; no poets, no philosophers, no thinkers in the highest sense were here; nor were there any deep founts of learning.

Into this fortunate, immature, intelligent, religious, hopeful community, Emerson was born; born of admirable parents, the children of a long line of well-bred ancestors. He was born good, with an inheritance of serious-mindedness, of an intellectual disposition, and of religious sentiment. He was also born a poet, and the advantages of place and time of his birth gave form and direction to his poetic genius. Its very originality, that which distinguishes and individualizes it, exhibits its native source.

The originality of genius is often a strange and perplexing phenomenon to the contemporaries of its possessor, — nor is it always understood by the man himself. Contemporaries fail to recognize at once the poet as the seer who reveals to them their own imperfectly developed tendencies, and expresses for them their own mute sentiments; while the poet, familiar with the conditions in which he lives, and unconsciously shaped by them, may fail, for a time at least, to note the partial incompatibility between the traditional and customary order of things and the novel ideas revealed to his poetic vision.

So it was with Emerson. The mass of his contemporaries for a long while looked askance on him, and regarded his utterances with suspicion and disapproval. And he himself made a long trial of the

old ways before he arrived at the conviction that he could not follow them, but must take the independent course dictated to him by his genius. He was already thirty years old when he came to full self-reliance. Before he was forty years old he had delivered his chief message. This was no systematic philosophy, no dogmatic doctrine, but an individual interpretation of the universe, and of the life of man as a part of the universe.

The essence of his spiritual teaching seems to me to be comprised in three fundamental articles, — first, that of the Unity of Being in God and Man; second, that of the creation of the visible, material world by Mind, and of its being the symbol of the spiritual world; and third, that of the identity and universality of moral law in the spiritual and material universe. These truths are for him the basis of life, the substance of religion, and the meaning of the universe.

From the little circle of selfish interests in which our lives are mainly spent, Emerson lifts us into the great circles of the universe, from the meanness of personal and individual considerations into the sense of the large spiritual relations of even our common daily affairs, and makes us conscious partakers of the general life of the universe, part and parcel of its divine order. It is this that Matthew Arnold meant when he said so well that Emerson "is the friend and aider of those who live in the spirit." Holding nature, and man as a part of nature, to be but a

symbol and external manifestation of the Eternal and Infinite Mind, omnipresent in the form of the Universe, the source of its law by which it works always toward perfection, he cannot but be the most absolute of optimists. There is no pause in the flow of Being through the world; everything is in a state of flux, and the main course of the stream is always forward, from good to better.

> "Through flood and sea and firmament,
> Through light, through life it forward flows."

But truth that has been spiritually discerned must be spiritually interpreted. When he insists on the divinity in man, and bids him trust himself, it is not to the selfish and arrogant that he speaks, but to the man who is endeavoring after righteousness and who keeps his soul open to the influences of the divine essence which is its source. His optimism is the same with that of Ecclesiasticus: "All the works of the Lord are good, — so that a man cannot say this is worse than that, for in him they shall all be approved." And his teaching of self-confidence is taught not less by the same wise man of old: "In every good work trust thine own soul, for this is the keeping of the commandments." "The soul converses with truths," said Emerson, "that have always been spoken in the world."

Emerson was of that class of men, individuals of which, as he says, appear at long intervals, eminently endowed with insight and virtue, and manifesting in

every relation and expression a latent indefinable power, which is of a different and higher order than any talent and which compels attention and respect. It is the power of character, that is, of the highest form of the nature of the man. It is this which determines ultimately the extent and the strength of his influence. In a noble nature it exhibits itself in every expression.

And if I were called on to describe Emerson in a single phrase, I should say that of all the men I have known he made the strongest impression of consistent loftiness of character. This character was no less manifest in familiar social relations than in his public discourses. His superiority was evident in the natural simplicity of his manners and demeanor. Affectation, self-consciousness, parade, were impossible to him. His habitual bearing was of sweet gravity and reserve, in which was no aloofness, but a ready responsiveness to every claim of thought or word of another. He was not lavish of sympathy, but in case of need no sympathy was more comprehensive than his. He inspired affection and honor in every one who knew him. His presence raised the level of every company.

His essays on Character, Manners, and Behavior show how penetrating and clear had been his observation of the ways of men, and how wise his conclusions from it, — but though many of the finer traits which he described found illustration in himself, yet the secret of his superiority is hardly dis-

closed in them. It resided, I believe, in the fact that he lived more in accord with the moral order of the soul than other men, more as one whose soul was always open to the influences of the divine spirit, however that spirit be defined. In this was the source of the serenity and elevation of his own spirit, and in it was also the source of that clear insight into the significance of common life and daily trivial affairs which his reflections upon them and his aphorisms concerning them display.

In 1870, after reading Emerson's volume entitled *Society and Solitude*, Carlyle wrote to him in well-chosen words: "It seems to me you are all your old self here, and something more. A calm insight, piercing to the very centre; a beautiful sympathy, a beautiful epic humor; a soul peaceably irrefragable in this loud-jangling world, of which it sees the ugliness, but *notices* only the huge new opulences (still so anarchic); knows the electric telegraph, with all its vulgar botherations and impertinences, accurately for what it is, and ditto ditto the oldest eternal Theologies of men. All this belongs to the Highest Class of thought; and again seemed to me as, in several respects, the one perfectly *Human* Voice I had heard among my fellow-creatures for a long time. And then the 'style,' the treatment and expression, — yes, it is inimitable, best — Emersonian throughout. . . . You have done *very well;* and many will know it ever better by degrees." The judgment of the friend is confirmed by that of the new generation.

My own relations with Emerson began after his position as poet and seer was established, not with the great public indeed, but with the best of his contemporaries. Twenty-five years younger than he, I felt at first a certain hesitancy and shyness in personal relations with him, not only because of the disparity of age, and the distinction of his place in the esteem of worthy men, but also because my father had been conspicuous in opposition to the drift of his teachings and had used language of severe condemnation of them. It seemed to me possible that Mr. Emerson, though too high-minded to feel resentment toward an upright and high-minded opponent, might yet incline to hold back from more than merely formal acquaintance with me. But I was mistaken. From the beginning of our intercourse he treated me with a simple graciousness and frank confidence that set me at ease with him, and quickened in me that affection and reverence which I have just spoken of his inspiring in every one who had the happiness of coming into close relation with him.

Thirty years ago this month I had the opportunity of seeing more of him, and of being in more constant relation with him than at any other time. He was returning with his daughter from his last visit to Europe, and I, with my family, was a fellow passenger on the steamer. There was no crowd on board; the vessel was not one of the swift Leviathans of to-day. We had long walks together on the deck; and in the evening, after the rest of the passengers had gone

to their berths, he and I used to sit talking together for an hour or two, till eleven o'clock, when the lights were extinguished in the deserted cabin. The visit to Europe and to Egypt had been undertaken, as some of you will remember, at the urgency of friends, in the belief that a change of scene and interest would be serviceable to him after the shock which he had experienced from the burning of his house in the summer, and the depressed condition of health which had followed it. It had done him all the good that had been hoped for, and he now seemed in excellent health and spirits.

"It is rank blasphemy," said he one day, "to doubt anything in the universe; everything in life makes for good. The moral element in man supreme, is progressive. Man is always better than himself. The world is all for happiness, and is meant for the happy. It is always improving. Pain and sorrow are of no account as compared with the joy of living; if a man be overcome by them he violates the moral order."

"The universe is not a cheat; the beauty and the order of the external world are sufficient proof that the spiritual world is in accord with the hopes and instincts of man and nature for their own perfection."

"Order, goodness, God are the one everlasting, self-existent fact."

"I measure a man's intellectual sanity by his faith in immortality. A wise man's wish for life is in proportion to his wisdom."

He would not entertain for a moment the evidence of ruthlessness and disorder in nature, of perversion of the moral nature in men. His faith was superior to any apparent exceptions to his doctrine; all of them could be brought into accordance with it.

In our long evening talks he told me much of his early life. He was often in a mood of reminiscence, and in the retrospect all life lay fair behind him, like a pleasant landscape illumined by the slowly sinking sun. The sweetness and purity and elevation of his nature were manifest in his recollections, and his vision of the past was that not only of the poet, but of the good man who had gained from life the best it can afford. He returned over and over again to the happiness of life and the joy of existence. He had been very fortunate in his times.

The 25th of May, his seventieth birthday, was the last day before the voyage ended. When I greeted him in the morning, he replied with a pleasant semi-humorous smile, and with a blush like a youth, "You are too good with all these kind words, but the day is a melancholy one for me, for I count this seventieth birthday as the close of youth!" He had been reading with great interest on the voyage the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, and one of them may have been lingering in his mind: —

"Yet Oh! that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows?"

But my thoughts fell back to his own *Terminus*, written ten years before; not so much to its opening words, "It is time to grow old," but rather to the verses with which it ends: —

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
> Lowly faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed."

One day, a day of rough waves and lowering skies, as we walked the deck, he spoke of the stout hearts of the early mariners, sailing the untracked seas. "How, in Heaven's name, did Columbus get over?" as Clough asks. "Not so much of a wonder after all," said Emerson; "Columbus had his compass, and that was enough for such a soul as his; there was the miracle of the magnet, the witness of the divine spirit in nature, type of the eternal control of matter by spirit, of fidelity to the unseen and the ideal. I always carry with me a little compass," and taking it from his pocket, he added, "I like to hold the god in my hand."

He lived for nine years after his return home. Some of you remember his gently declining days. The evening mists steadily gathered about him, but while they gradually obscured the light of his mind, they were still suffused by the unquenched glow of his spirit. His sweetness, his faith never failed.

On the last occasion that I saw him at his own house his powers of recollection were imperfect, but his gracious benignity was unchanged. His talk had its old tone, though the intermittent thoughts sometimes failed to find perfect expression. As I was bidding him good-bye at his hospitable door, his daughter, who proposed to go with me to the railroad station, urged him to accompany us. "No," said he, "no, my dear, my good friend whose name I cannot recall, has had quite enough of me to-day;" and then turning to me with a smile, as if to apologize for the seeming lack of courtesy in his inability to recall my name, he said in words and manner like his old self, "Strange that the kind Heavens should keep us upon earth after they have destroyed our connection with things!"

The last time I saw him was at the funeral of Longfellow on the 26th of March, just a month before his own death. He leaned on my arm as we walked through the path at Mt. Auburn behind the poet's coffin, and as we stood listening to the short service at the grave. He hardly seemed to belong to our actual life; he was present but yet remote; for him, too, "The port well worth the cruise was near."

If there be pathos in the record of these last days, there is no drop of bitterness in it. They were the peaceful ending of a happy life. "Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."

Emerson's fame is secure. The years will sift his work, but his true message and service were not for

his own generation alone. It is not the founders of schools whose influence is the strongest and most lasting in the world, but rather that of teachers who lift and invigorate the souls of men by sentiment and habitual loftiness of view. Men draw strength and high resolve to-day, after seventeen centuries, from the desultory *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, and in long future time men seeking to elevate and liberate their souls will find help in the words and example in the character of Emerson.

The Chairman then introduced Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

WHEN one opens the morning's newspaper on a day like this and finds it filled, like all its companion journals, with eulogiums upon one man, it is difficult not to recall that fine passage in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, where Demosthenes says of Athens, "I have seen the day when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger, on entering them, stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assemblage of the people.'" One controlling voice speaks to us to-day and all that we can do is in our humbler individual tones to

respond to it. The point upon which I am to speak, as I understand, is the record of Ralph Waldo Emerson as a reformer.

In viewing him thus, we may well recall Father Taylor, the famous preacher to sailors in Boston, who, when criticised by some fellow Methodists for being a friend of Emerson, inasmuch as he was a man who, they thought, must surely go to hell, replied, "It does look so; but I am sure of one thing; if Emerson goes to hell it will change the climate there and emigration will set that way."[1] The widespread commemorations of this month show that Father Taylor, as usual, was right. They imply that Emerson was not merely a technical reformer, but stood to the world as a vital influence and represented the general attitude of reform. Above all thought rises the freedom to think; above all utterance ranks the liberty to utter. The man who first asserted that liberty at a given time, and, in asserting it, made it attractive and convincing, became the leader of his period. It was Emerson who did this for us. From the moment that his volume called *Nature* was published in 1836, the thraldom of Puritanism was broken and men were summoned to follow the Inner Light. William Penn and the early Friends had stretched out their hands for this attitude, but had never quite reached it, because still somewhat fettered by the tradition of Bible worship, and by a persecuting clergy of whom Wil-

[1] Conway: *Emerson at Home and Abroad*, p. 66.

liam Penn complained that so far from being good Christians, they had yet to learn to be good Heathen.[1] Yet Emerson described himself, speaking to his kinsman, Dr. Haskins, as "more of a Quaker than anything else." Channing did not reach this position, though he drew, as his son testifies, nearer and nearer to it as he grew older. Parker was not absolutely a leader, but rather followed Emerson and popularized him. Emerson, and he only, is the more than Luther of these modern days. We see this through a glass darkly to-day, but a hundred years hence, it will be held unquestionable.

I was but a boy of twelve when Emerson's volume, *Nature*, was published. But I was not too young to hear him lecture once at the Cambridge Lyceum, and I recall most definitely the impression he made on at least one of his youngest hearers. The lectures were held in an old building, preceding the present Lyceum Hall, and it was the custom of the village boys, as is still the habit in small country towns, to attend each lecture, take seats very near the front, and within fifteen minutes retire, one by one, without much mercy on the lecturer or the audience. No doubt I took my full share of this form of intellectual experiment — which in Cambridge has especial force from the fact that we retired not down the stairs, but by dropping through a mysterious hole in the slanting floor among the

[1] *No Cross, No Crown*, ii. 76.

upper seats; but I remember very well that on the occasion of Mr. Emerson's lecture, I was gradually deserted by my fellows and sat through the lecture alone. Being reproached afterwards by my playmates for this want of fidelity to their customs, I could only plead that "I liked to hear that man;" and when asked if I understood what he said, I honestly replied "No." It now seems to me that not one of his grown-up hearers could have paid him a greater compliment. What had reached me was the personality of the man. Long after this, when I read in Lowell's words, "We do not go to hear what Emerson says, so much as to hear Emerson," I felt that this was just what I had done as a child.

It was in college that I read his books and reread them, but only came gradually to recognize him as being what he was, the most resolute reformer, not excepting Garrison, whom our nation had produced. This conviction took definite form, perhaps, at the first meeting of the Free Religious Association in 1868, when he came last among the speakers and selected for praise the last but one, who had distinctly objected to the word "Christian" as being a limitation. Mr. Emerson following, said, "I have listened with great pleasure to the lessons we have heard. To many, to those last spoken, I have found so much in common with my own thought that I have little left to say." The form of the phrase is evidently not given with precise accuracy, but I fol-

low the printed report. He said later in his speech, "The child, the young student finds scope in his mathematics and chemistry or natural history, because he finds a truth larger than he is; finds himself continually instructed. But in churches, every healthy and thoughtful mind finds itself in something less; it is checked, cribbed, confined." Nothing said was on the whole so trenchant as this. The Rev. Richard Cecil said in England, about 1777, that "If one good upright man should deny Christianity, he would do the faith of England more harm than all the sneers of Voltaire or all the sentimentalism of Rousseau." In the sense in which Cecil used the words, Emerson was that man. But these words were spoken more than a century ago, at a time of sectarian narrowness which it is now hard to recall; and the very terms "faith" and "Christianity" are now habitually used in a far wider sense. To Mr. Cecil, Emerson would have seemed anti-Christian; but now a chorus of those who call themselves Christians speaks his praise. We have the striking testimony of the Rev. Dr. Haskins, his near kinsman, that Mr. Emerson preferred even to speak of the Deity as "It," and nothing more illustrates the power of his essentially reverential tone of mind than that this same kinsman, an Episcopal clergyman of unimpeached standing, was so impressed by what Emerson said that he himself went on to vindicate this pronoun "It" as being, in itself, not meaningless or even irreverent, but rather

a good selection of words, as Mr. Emerson used it, standing simply for God's omnipresence.[1] We know also that while Emerson found formal prayer at stated intervals impossible to him, yet he said, "As well may the child live without its mother's milk as the soul without prayer;" while he also said, "Do not speak of God much. After a very little conversation on the Highest Nature, thoughts desert us and we run into formalism!!"[2] He never recognized the leadership of Jesus Christ as that of an absolutely infallible guide; yet to show that he guarded against overstatement on this ground also, we have the remarkable passage, preserved by Miss E. P. Peabody from the original manuscript of his Divinity Hall address, — a passage left out for want of time only, and warning his hearers against making even truth a fanaticism: "Too soon we shall have the puppyism of a pretension of looking down on the head of all human culture; setting up against Jesus Christ every little self magnified."[3]

Attempts have always been made to disparage Emerson, on the ground that he was not, even in reform, a system-maker, but was fragmentary. This trait seems to me more and more to have been one of his highest titles to immortality. System-makers are short-lived; each makes his single contribution,

[1] Haskins's *Emerson*, p. 130.

[2] E. W. Emerson in *Prophets of Liberalism*, p. 49.

[3] Peabody, *Reminiscences of Dr. Channing*, p. 373.

and the world passes on. They are finger-posts in history; but the man who dares to be himself is not the finger-post, but the runner. Few now read Aristotle; but Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus yield us new translations and editions every year. We have them for manuals and give them to our children. What the system of each may be is quite secondary — each offers us a series of thoughts, detached or otherwise; and each of these thoughts may turn out great enough to mould a life. Such are the thoughts we get from Emerson. We may say of his works what Renan said so finely of Marcus Antoninus, "His works will never grow antiquated, because they offer no dogma."

Let us all be Platos and Newtons, if you please; or, if you prefer, Homers and Shakespeares; let our school committees hunt them up in abundance, if possible, in every school district; yet let us not lose faith in the greatness of the spontaneous or fragmentary life; that is, the life which becomes at its highest moments a source of vital influence. Open your Emerson anywhere and you are presently touched by the vivid power of a phrase, a sentence; or perhaps — in his earlier addresses especially — by the cadence of some fine paragraph. Read, for instance, that description of the boyish student to be found in his address at Dartmouth College (1838): —

"In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns. With inflamed eye, in his sleep-

ing wilderness, he has read the story of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, until his fancy has brought home to the surrounding woods the faint roar of cannonades in the Milanese, and marches in Germany. He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it? the crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? The soul answers — Behold his day here! In the sighing of these woods, in the quiet of these gray fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet, — in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea and the puny execution; — behold Charles the Fifth's day; another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day, — day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. . . . Be lord of a day, through wisdom and justice, and you can put up your history books."[1]

Fifty years ago there must have been more than a thousand men and women in America and in England who could look back on that passage, as I did, and say of it, "At any rate, it was the making of me." A hundred thousand others since then may have, perhaps, looked back and said of those first thousand converts, "It was they who made us." You

[1] *Nature, Addresses and Lectures*, pp. 157–159.

might as well question the creative power of passages in the Book of Psalms.

I began with a picture of Emerson as he showed himself to an essentially childish mind. Let me close with a glimpse of the scene when he was brought, for the first time, before a thousand half-childish minds, gathered beneath the solemn moss-hung forests of South Carolina, early in the Civil War. It was the first regiment of freed slaves mustered into the service of the Union; and they stood, with that perfect stillness of which they were capable, while their white surgeon, Dr. Seth Rogers, of Worcester, a man who possessed their confidence in all ways, read before them at their Sunday service, by his own wish, the whole of Emerson's "Boston Hymn." When he came to the lines —

> "Pay ransom to the owner
> And fill his cup to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him!" —

I watched their faces as he read. There was no look of wild excitement, no air of aroused and selfish desire, but a serene religious expression, a look of absolute security, as if the Almighty had at last heard their prayers and this far-off poet was his messenger.

The Chairman then introduced Professor William James.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM JAMES

THE pathos of death is this, that when the days of one's life are ended, those days that were so crowded with business and felt so heavy in their passing, what remains of one in memory should usually be so slight a thing. The phantom of an attitude, the echo of a certain mode of thought, a few pages of print, some invention, or some victory we gained in a brief critical hour, are all that can survive the best of us. It is as if the whole of a man's significance had now shrunk into the phantom of an attitude, into a mere musical note or phrase, suggestive of his singularity — happy are those whose singularity gives a note so clear as to be victorious over the inevitable pity of such a diminution and abridgment.

An ideal wraith like this, of Emerson's singularity, hovers over all Concord to-day, taking in the minds of those of you who were his neighbors and intimates a somewhat fuller shape, remaining more abstract in the younger generation, but bringing home to all of us the notion of a spirit indescribably precious. The form that so lately moved upon these streets and country roads, or awaited in these fields and woods the beloved Muse's visits, is now dust; but the soul's note, the spiritual voice, rises strong and clear above the uproar of the times, and seems securely destined to exert an ennobling influence over future generations.

What gave a flavor so matchless to Emerson's individuality was, even more than his rich mental gifts, their combination. Rarely has a man so known the limits of his genius or so unfailingly kept within them. "Stand by your order," he used to say to youthful students; and perhaps the paramount impression one gets of his life is of his loyalty to his own type and mission. The type was that of what he liked to call the scholar, the perceiver of pure truth, and the mission was that of the reporter in worthy form of each perception. The day is good, he said, in which we have the most perceptions. There are times when the cawing of a crow, a weed, a snowflake, or a farmer planting in his field, become symbols to the intellect of truths equal to those which the most majestic phenomena can open. Let me mind my own charge, then, walk alone, consult the sky, the field and forest, sedulously waiting every morning for the news concerning the structure of the universe which the good Spirit will give me.

This was the first half of Emerson, but only half, for his genius was insatiate for expression, and his truth had to be clad in the right verbal garment. The form of the garment was so vital with Emerson that it is impossible to separate it from the matter. They form a chemical combination, — thoughts which would be trivial expressed otherwise are important through the nouns and verbs to which he married them. The style is the man, it has been said: the man Emerson's mission culminated in his

style, and if we must define him in one word, we have to call him Artist. He was an artist whose medium was verbal and who wrought in spiritual material.

This duty of spiritual seeing and reporting determined the whole tenor of his life. It was to shield it from invasion and distraction that he dwelt in the country, and that he consistently declined to entangle himself with associations or to encumber himself with functions which, however he might believe in them, he felt were duties for other men and not for him. Even the care of his garden, "with its stoopings and fingerings in a few yards of space," he found "narrowing and poisoning," and took to long free walks and saunterings instead, without apology. "Causes" innumerable sought to enlist him as their "worker" — all got his smile and word of sympathy, but none entrapped him into service. The struggle against slavery itself, deeply as it appealed to him, found him firm: "God must govern his own world, and knows his way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to face than those Negroes, to wit, imprisoned thoughts far back in the brain of man, and which have no watchman or lover or defender but me." This in reply to the possible questions of his conscience. To hot-blooded moralists with more objective ideas of duty, such a fidelity to the limits of his genius must often have made him seem provokingly remote and unavailable; but

we who can see things in more liberal perspective must unqualifiedly approve the results. The faultless tact with which he kept his safe limits while he so dauntlessly asserted himself within them is an example fitted to give heart to other theorists and artists the world over.

The insight and creed from which Emerson's life followed can be best summed up in his own verse: —

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man!"

Through the individual fact there ever shone for him the effulgence of the Universal Reason. The great Cosmic Intellect terminates and houses itself in mortal men and passing hours. Each of us is an angle of its eternal vision, and the only way to be true to our Maker is to be loyal to ourselves. "O rich and various Man!" he cries, "thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong."

If the individual open thus directly into the Absolute, it follows that there is something in each and all of us, even the lowliest, that ought not to consent to borrowing traditions and living at second hand. "If John was perfect, why are you and I alive?" writes Emerson. "As long as any man exists there is some need of him; let him fight for his own."

This faith that in a life at first hand there is something sacred is perhaps the most characteristic note in Emerson's writings. The hottest side of him is this non-conformist persuasion, and if his temper could ever verge on common irascibility, it would be by reason of the passionate character of his feelings on this point. The world is still new and untried. In seeing freshly, and not in hearing of what others saw, shall a man find what truth is. "Each one of us can bask in the great morning which rises out of the Eastern Sea, and be himself one of the children of the light." "Trust thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string. There is a time in each man's education when he must arrive at the conviction that imitation is suicide; when he must take himself for better or worse as his portion; and know that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which it was given him to till."

The matchless eloquence with which Emerson proclaimed the sovereignty of the living individual electrified and emancipated his generation, and this bugle-blast will doubtless be regarded by future critics as the soul of his message. The present man is the aboriginal reality, the Institution is derivative, and the past man is irrelevant and obliterate for present issues. "If any one would lay an axe to your tree with a text from 1 John, v. 7, or a sentence from Saint Paul, say to him," Emerson wrote, "'My tree

is Ygdrasil, the tree of life.' Let him know by your security that your conviction is clear and sufficient, and, if he were Paul himself, that you also are here and with your Creator." "Cleave ever to God," he insisted, "against the name of God;" — and so, in spite of the intensely religious character of his total thought, when he began his career it seemed to many of his brethren in the clerical profession that he was little more than an iconoclast and desecrator.

Emerson's belief that the individual must in reason be adequate to the vocation for which the Spirit of the world has called him into being is the source of those sublime pages, hearteners and sustainers of our youth, in which he urges his hearers to be incorruptibly true to their own private conscience. Nothing can harm the man who rests in his appointed place and character. Such a man is invulnerable; he balances the universe, balances it as much by keeping small when he is small as by being great and spreading when he is great. "I love and honor Epaminondas," said Emerson, "but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying, 'He acted and thou sittest still.' I see action to be good when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude." "The fact that

I am here certainly shows me that the Soul has need of an organ here, and shall I not assume the post?"

The vanity of all super-serviceableness and pretense was never more happily set forth than by Emerson in the many passages in which he develops this aspect of his philosophy. Character infallibly proclaims itself. "Hide your thoughts! — hide the sun and moon. They publish themselves to the universe. They will speak through you though you were dumb. They will flow out of your actions, your manners and your face. . . . Don't say things: What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I cannot say what you say to the contrary. . . . What a man *is* engraves itself upon him in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes; in our smiles; in salutations; and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses the eye, casts lines of mean expression in the cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast upon the back of the head, and writes, O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king. If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it; a man may play the fool in the drifts of a desert, but every grain of sand shall seem to see. — How can a man be concealed? How can he be concealed?"

On the other hand, never was a sincere word or a sincere thought utterly lost. "Never a magnanimity fell to the ground but there is some heart to greet

and accept it unexpectedly. . . . The hero fears not that if he withstood the avowal of a just and brave act, it will go unwitnessed and unloved. One knows it, — himself, — and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobleness of aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamation than the relating of the incident."

The same indefeasible right to be exactly what one is, provided one only be authentic, spreads itself, in Emerson's way of thinking, from persons to things and to times and places. No date, no position is insignificant, if the life that fills it out be only genuine: —

"In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns. With inflamed eye, in this sleeping wilderness, he has read the story of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, until his fancy has brought home to the surrounding woods the faint roar of cannonades in the Milanese, and marches in Germany. He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it? The crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? The soul answers — Behold his day here! In the sighing of these woods, in the quiet of these gray fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet, — in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea and the puny execution: — behold

Charles the Fifth's day; another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day, — day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. I am tasting the self-same life, — its sweetness, its greatness, its pain, — which I so admire in other men. Do not foolishly ask the inscrutable, obliterated past what it cannot tell, — the details of that nature, of that day, called Byron or Burke; — but ask it of the enveloping Now. . . . Be lord of a day and you can put up your history books."

Thus does "the deep to-day which all men scorn" receive from Emerson superb revindication. "Other world! there is no other world." All God's life opens into the individual particular, and here and now, or nowhere, is reality. "The present hour is the decisive hour, and every day is doomsday."

Such a conviction that Divinity is everywhere may easily make of one an optimist of the sentimental type that refuses to speak ill of anything. Emerson's drastic perception of differences kept him at the opposite pole from this weakness. After you have seen men a few times, he could say, you find most of them as alike as their barns and pantries, and soon as musty and as dreary. Never was such a fastidious lover of significance and distinction, and never an eye so keen for their discovery. His optimism had nothing in common with that indiscriminate hurrahing for the Universe with which Walt Whitman has made us familiar. For Emerson, the indi-

vidual fact and moment were indeed suffused with absolute radiance, but it was upon a condition that saved the situation — they must be worthy specimens, — sincere, authentic, archetypal; they must have made connection with what he calls the Moral Sentiment, they must in some way act as symbolic mouthpieces of the Universe's meaning. To know just which thing does act in this way, and which thing fails to make the true connection, is the secret (somewhat incommunicable, it must be confessed) of seership, and doubtless we must not expect of the seer too rigorous a consistency. Emerson himself was a real seer. He could perceive the full squalor of the individual fact, but he could also see the transfiguration. He might easily have found himself saying of some present-day agitator against our Philippine conquest what he said of this or that reformer of his own time. He might have called him, as a private person, a tedious bore and canter. But he would infallibly have added what he then added: "It is strange and horrible to say this, for I feel that under him and his partiality and exclusiveness is the earth and the sea, and all that in them is, and the axis round which the Universe revolves passes through his body where he stands."

Be it how it may, then, this is Emerson's revelation: — The point of any pen can be an epitome of reality; the commonest person's act, if genuinely actuated, can lay hold on eternity. This vision is the head-spring of all his outpourings; and it is for this

truth, given to no previous literary artist to express in such penetratingly persuasive tones, that posterity will reckon him a prophet, and, perhaps neglecting other pages, piously turn to those that convey this message. His life was one long conversation with the invisible divine, expressing itself through individuals and particulars: — "So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man!"

I spoke of how shrunken the wraith, how thin the echo, of men is after they are departed. Emerson's wraith comes to me now as if it were but the very voice of this victorious argument. His words to this effect are certain to be quoted and extracted more and more as time goes on, and to take their place among the Scriptures of humanity. "'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity shall you pace forth," beloved Master. As long as our English language lasts, men's hearts will be cheered and their souls strengthened and liberated by the noble and musical pages with which you have enriched it.

The Chairman then said: —

May I say on your behalf, citizens of Concord, that we greet with warm and peculiar affection our elder brother, George Frisbie Hoar.

ADDRESS OF

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

I AM proud and happy that I am counted among the children of Concord on this anniversary. There are many things we are all thinking that we cannot find time to say to-day. There are some things we are all thinking that Mr. Emerson would not like to have us say. His modest and discreet spirit would have found something of exaggeration in it, even coming from his neighbors and townsmen.

We are thinking, all of us, of that lovely and delightful personal quality, pure and sweet as that of an archangel. We are full of the love which every one of us who knew him felt for him, from the time he first took up his abode here in his sylvan home. But the town has had other citizens of that quality. That town is poor that has not had them. We are tempted to compare our philosopher and poet with other great men, with other thinkers, and writers, and poets. Some of us think Emerson the first American by the same title by which Shakespeare is the first Englishman. Some of us think of him as the only writer since Bacon, in whose essays a thought quoted from Bacon's essays seems to be in its natural place, — the setting quite as costly as the jewel. But I do not think he would have liked such comparisons. At any rate, if they are to be made, let them be made by men without the bias of a personal affection.

Yet our celebration would be cold indeed, were we to leave out of it the human feeling, — the feeling of pride and love, — in which we have a right to indulge as his townsmen and his countrymen.

When the young philosopher, in his first production which might be called public, — his Bowdoin Prize Essay, in 1820, — disclosed his aspiration and his ideal of excellence, he prefaced it with these lines. He was then seventeen years old.

> "Guide my way
> Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
> Of Academus, and the thymy vale
> Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
> Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful stream
> In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
> Of these auspicious fields, may I unblamed
> Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
> My native clime."

Surely that aspiration was accomplished. Ah, sweetest of Evangelists! Here in these fields of ours stood your feet when you uttered your message to mankind. You walked by our river and our ponds, like Lycidas, the very genius of the shore. You transplanted here, unblamed, the living blossoms of the groves of Academe. You waked again the echoes of the voice of Plato, mingled with Ilissus' tuneful murmurs, in our woods and fields and by our Indian stream.

I do not undertake to speak of Mr. Emerson's service to the youth of his country, as a guide to

the best literature, or as a counsellor and inspirer to that noble and brave behavior of which he was, himself, so admirable an example. I will not speak of him as a critic, to whose almost infallible touchstone every man brought his metal to see if it were gold. I will not undertake to speak of him as a poet, or as an orator, rising, on fit occasion, to the loftiest eloquence.

I have time to speak of him in but one aspect. That is, the contribution he made to the knowledge by mankind of spiritual laws.

I think he had the farthest and clearest spiritual discernment of any man who has lived in modern times. His vision was not only keen and far-sighted, but he was singularly free from the things that distort or disturb. There was no local attraction, or temptation, or heat, or blur. So we may take him as the best witness we know of to the spiritual facts which are all around us and close to us, but yet so many of which we cannot know, or know but imperfectly, by any seeing or hearing of our own. What we see, he saw more clearly. What we hear, he heard more distinctly. And always he sees a face we cannot see, and hears a voice we cannot hear. Now, to what does this witness, the best witness we can find so far, certify? Whether any human intelligence be absolutely trustworthy, or any human judgment be absolutely sure, in its report of such things, or in determining their value and quality, we need not stop to inquire. This is, in our opinion, the best we have

at command. What are the things which this man of farthest and profoundest vision has to report? What is the estimate of them by the judgment the most accurate in its poise? What do they weigh by these balances in which there is no dust?

I do not mean only that he saw what no other man can see. I mean, too, what other men see dimly and doubtfully, but are the more certain of because he saw it too. Persons on the deck see a dim object or a cloud of smoke in the horizon. Some conjecture one thing, and some another. Then comes the pilot with his far sight and his trained eye, and tells you that it is a steamer, or a ship. He knows the line to which she belongs, and the name of the vessel. He only, it may be, confirms what some of the rest have said. But what other men guessed, he knew.

Every man who is seeking a spiritual life finds in Emerson his own faith, if he have faith, as the Christian sects find theirs in the Saviour. Now, what are the things in which our confidence is strengthened and deepened by the fact that he tells us they are true? Some of them — and we may thank God for it — we may see also for ourselves. Some of them he reveals to us and makes clear to us. But we can take the courage that they give us from the fact that the clearest eyes, and the best intelligence, and the most dispassionate judgment that has appeared among men for many a day adds to the imperfect evidence of our intelligence, the more perfect evidence of his. I cannot, of course, in a few minutes, enumerate all

the things he has reported to us. It would take a long, and careful, and profound study to comprehend them myself.

He has taught us the virtue of completeness, and courage, and sincerity of utterance. In dealing with the things that pertain to the soul he utters no half-truths, no pious frauds. He gives us no milk for babes. The purpose of Emerson, like that of Milton, is to justify the ways of God to man, and they do not need to be clothed in a veil. God is not to be seen, as Moses saw him, from behind.

He affirms that inspiration, and the process of revelation, did not end with the Apostles and the Scriptures. It is going on to-day, and all the time, to him that hath ears to hear. The bush is burning still.

The spiritual message comes to each man for himself, which he can trust and which he must act upon. "Trust thyself! Every nerve vibrates to that iron string." The universe is for the building up of individual character. Each soul is to be a star and dwell apart. Men should greet each other every morning as coming from far countries — like the Gods, who sit apart, and talk from peak to peak all around Olympus.

Mr. Emerson said of his own style that his works were made up of infinitely repellent particles. This is in a sense true of humanity — as he thought it should be. But he has reaffirmed for us, and taught us anew the value of the human affections, and

to prize the great virtues to which our race has attained thus far. He was a royal and noble lover. He loved wife, and children, and home, and neighbor, and friend, and town, and country. He loved liberty, and justice, and hope, and courage. His picture of the New England Town, for which Concord sat; his Boston Hymn; his Fortune of the Republic, are the high-water mark which the love of country, and of birthplace, and of town had reached at that time.

Has any man spoken to us like him of the virtue of a good hope, since the Apostle placed it forever in the centre of the mighty group? He saw that crime and sin led all souls to the good. The cosmic results will be the same whatever the daily events may be.

He was eminently a reconciler. His larger orbit enclosed all lesser orbits, and even all divergent lines.

One thing he saw which mankind have not seen. That is, that forever the slave is owner, and forever the victim is victor.

So, when Freedom, Virtue, Religion, Justice, Love, Patriotism, call their witnesses his name will be the first of our time to be called. So far as mortal testimony can prove it, they can rest the case with him.

He has made the best statement in all secular literature of the doctrine of immortality. He shows us that the world and the human soul are not only unreasonable, but inexplicable, without it. Yet he makes no absolute affirmation, except that we shall

be immortal if that be best. Whether we shall know each other again is a Sunday-school question. He will not spend his time about it. Perhaps, as he says of Carlyle, this nimble and active spirit does not care to beat itself against walls. But he is not, like Carlyle, a destroyer or a scorner. He worships no demon of mere force. If he does not know what we long to know of another world, he pays due homage to the loving and wise Spirit that sitteth as Sovereign on the throne of this. Rather he believes that the world is but one world, and that the Sovereign who reigns over it — never to be dethroned — knows very well that every road leads to the gates of His Kingdom. He sees no God of force or of disdain looking down on mankind as on a race of grovelling swine or chattering apes. For myself, I never read what Emerson says about Immortality, or think of him as thinking about it, without summing it all up in Addison's noble line, —

"The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles."

When Emerson first uttered his grave and cheerful voice, there still echoed in the ear of mankind the cry of disdain inspired by the diseased brain of Carlyle, when he imagined the serene and silent stars looking down from their eternal solitudes on the varied occupations of men. "What thinks Boötes of them as he leads his hunting-dogs across the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire?" What thinks Boötes of them? Boötes is but a few specks of shining dust,

glistening with putrescent light, save as he is clothed with beauty and with glory in the conscious soul of man. The only thing in the world, under Him who made it, that can ever be truly an object of reverence is a human soul subjecting itself, of its own volition, to a law higher than its own desire. The answer to the seer of the old world came from the seer of the new; —

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Nothing could be more unbecoming than to speak irreverently of Carlyle while we are doing homage to Emerson. Emerson stood loyally by his friends, by that friend most loyally of all. Among Carlyle's chief titles to remembrance by posterity will be Emerson's certificate.

Still, Emerson, though his lover and admirer, admits that Carlyle reminds him of a sick giant. Carlyle is a hater of evil. He stands for honesty and righteousness. He finds them hardly anywhere, and finds them least of all in the men who are most eager in trying to attain unto them. Until honesty and righteousness come to the throne — which Carlyle does not expect to happen in his time — he proposes to maintain and to obey an *ad interim* Sovereign, who is nothing but a poor and commonplace tyrant.

Jowett well said of him that he was a man with-

out admiration of any active goodness; he expressed his own personal fancies in the likeness of intellectual truths, and that if he, himself, were engaged in any work more than usually good, Carlyle would be the first person to utter a powerful sneer, and if he were seeking to know the truth, Carlyle would ridicule the notion of a homunculus discovering the truth.

Wordsworth said truly of Carlyle that he defied all sympathy. And he said truly of the Carlyle temper: —

> "That pride,
> How e'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing hath faculties
> That he has never used, that thought with him,
> Is in its infancy."

He seemed to despise every good man. He was essentially a scorner, and the lash of his scorn fell upon good men; and his homage, which he rarely gave, was given, in general, to bad men. However we may be dazzled by Carlyle, our fixed star will be shining in the sky when this meteor is gone. If we may trust our seer when he tells us that evil is temporary and perishable, and that

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent,"

then the function of the destroyer of evil is perishable and temporary also.

Mr. Emerson's philosophy had no Stoicism in it.

If it brought him ampler compensations than were vouchsafed to common men, grief also filled to its depths a larger heart, and touched with its agony nerves more finely sensitive than those of common men. Who has uttered, like him, in that immortal "Threnody," the voice of parental sorrow? What more loving heart ever mourned the loss of a brother's love than that which could not be unlocked because the key had gone with Charles and Edward? I remember, as if it were yesterday, that winter morning in my early youth, when the messenger came to my father's door before sunrise, bearing his written message to one of the household, "Everything wakes this morning, except my darling boy." The noblest emotions of the soul are nobler to us that they have moved him.

I have spoken very imperfectly of a part only of the messages Emerson brought to us. Now, it is not enough for our purpose that the intellect should see these things. Men do not like skeletons or anatomies. And they do not like cold. These things must come to us, if they are to be living truths for us, clothed and apparelled in regal splendor; adorned and wreathed with flowers and branches; made sweet and tender by the graces of poetry; made musical with rhythm and verse. They must be spoken by eloquent lips, and the soul must be opened to receive them by the glance of the eye, and the tone of the voice, and the flush of the cheek, of the prophet who utters them.

We who are the survivors of that generation, and

who dwelt in the town of his home, enjoyed that privilege also. I do not know how others may feel. But I would not be without that sweet and tender memory of the voice whose words yet linger in my ear, "nestling," as Lowell says, "in the ear, because of their music, and in the heart, because of their meaning," to have heard Demosthenes speak from the Bema, or Plato in the Academy.

To cite the tributes of eminent authorities to the great place of Mr. Emerson in literature, and his trustworthiness as an intellectual and spiritual guide, would occupy not only the day but the year. We cannot undertake to do that. But we ought to be certain that we are not induced by our love for our delightful friend and townsman to confound our own narrow field of vision with that of all mankind — especially with that of posterity. Yet that must be a fixed star of the first magnitude, of whom observers, whose stations are apart by the distance of the whole heavens, concur in so reporting. When the Jew, and the Catholic, and the Unitarian, and the Anglican, and the Calvinist, and the Sceptic; when the Russian, and the German, and the Scotsman, concur with his own countrymen in their estimate of a religious teacher, we may fairly believe that we have got the verdict not of the year or of the generation only, but of the centuries.

I received the other day a letter from an accomplished Jew containing a paper he had written upon Emerson. In it he says, "Emerson's hold on the

minds and thoughts of men is truly remarkable. The circle of his influence grows continually wider and wider. He appeals to the most various and diverse natures. The greatest and the humblest unite in paying him homage. He fascinates and inspires the hearts and souls of all. The men and women of two continents come to his writings with the feeling that a new world has been discovered, and a new era opened in their lives. They peruse his works with a delight and an avidity unaroused and unsatisfied by any other author, ancient or modern. The sanest, the soberest, the most 'practical' lawyers, doctors, statesmen, philosophers, business men — those are among the unnumbered hosts of those throughout the world who confess themselves the eager, devoted students and admirers of the inspiring Emerson. His words are on every tongue. His sentences illumine the pages and adorn the speeches of the greatest writers and orators."

About the time I got his letter, I heard from Bishop Spaulding, one of the most eminent Catholic prelates in this country, who has lately earned public gratitude by an important service to public order, that Emerson was a favorite author of his also. This is his letter. It is written with some reserve, as would be expected from one to whom the Church is the final authority on all such questions. I am told that Bishop Spaulding is called by the men of his own faith "the Catholic Emerson," and that they deem it a title of high honor.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,
PEORIA, ILL., April 14, 1903.

MY DEAR SENATOR HOAR: — I send you this brief word on Emerson.

Emerson is the keenest, the most receptive, the most thoughtful mind we have had; and whatever his limitations, his failures to get at the profoundest and therefore the most interesting truth, he is, and probably will continue to be for a long time, the most vital force in American literature. His influence will outlast that of Carlyle and Ruskin. His sanity, his modesty, his kindliness are greater; he is more hopeful and consequently more helpful than they. He himself says we judge of a man's wisdom by his hopefulness; and so we may give him a place among the world's wise men.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) I. L. SPAULDING.

Constantine Pobedonostzeff, since the death of Alexander II., has been the power behind the throne in Russia. At the first meeting of Alexander III. with his councillors, he told the Emperor that all liberal measures and all constitutions were a delusion; that no constitution was fitted to Russia except the will of an autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty. He holds that not only the political conduct, but the religious faith of the people must be ordered from the throne. Six words — "Obey or die; believe or die" — are

all the constitution, statute, or bill of rights for an empire that holds one sixth of the people of the globe. I suppose his single will, influencing that of the Emperor, and compelling submission from the whole people, has been, for nearly a quarter of a century, the most powerful single will on the face of the earth. Yet his favorite author is Emerson. He has enriched Russian literature by several translations. The first book he translated was Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, and the next was Emerson's "Works and Days."

A little time ago, at my request, he sent for the Concord Library a volume of his translation into Russian, with an autograph letter and his own portrait. I was told by our representative at St. Petersburg that he was much delighted by my request which led him to send them. This is the letter with which he accompanied the book: —

SIR: — It is true that having been from my youth a constant reader and admirer of Ralph Waldo Emerson, I one day undertook the translation of one of his essays, "Works and Days," taken from the book, *Society and Solitude*. The work had for me a particular interest, since it is not easy to express in a foreign language the original style of the author. The work, published in 1874, was reprinted in a collection of my essays which appeared in 1896, in Moscow.

The Hon. Andrew White, whose stay at St. Peters-

burg, unhappily too short, has left with me the most agreeable memories, probably had this work in view when he mentioned my fondness for Emerson in an article in the *Century Magazine*.

If my book should answer the idea of Senator Hoar, I desire to send it to you, Monsieur, with the request that you transmit it to the Library at Concord with my most sincere compliments.

Accept, Monsieur, the expression of my most respectful regards,

(signed) CONST. POBEDONOSTZEFF.

The 17th of May, 1898, PETERSBURG.
To MONSIEUR HERBERT PIERCE.

In 1833, three years before he wrote *Nature*, Mrs. Ripley said of him, "We regard him still, more than ever, as the apostle of the Eternal Reason."

When Dean Stanley was in this country he took special pains to inform himself of the history and present condition of our religious denominations. The result of his observation was, that whatever might be the sect or creed of the clergymen, they all preached Emerson.

It were a sorry story for humanity if these eternal verities had been uttered by but one voice, or had waited from the beginning for any one voice to utter them. They were revealed to humanity in the morning of creation. The revelation will continue until time shall be no more. What is best in humanity answered in the beginning, and will answer to the

end. The lesson is that the common virtues, the common hopes, the common loves, the common faiths of mankind are the foundations on which the Universe is builded and are the things that shall endure. There is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit. There is a difference of language, but the same message. Emerson says, "he is base — that is the one base thing of the universe — to receive benefits, and render none." "*Noblesse oblige*," says the chivalrous proverb of France. "To whom much is given, of him much shall be required," say the Hebrew Scriptures. Emerson tells us that beauty, love, and truth are one. He is only another witness that faith, and hope, and love are the pillars on which all things rest, and that they abide. Their identity the Church has striven for ages to express in the great doctrine of the Trinity. Emerson also tells us that they are one with duty and with joy. What is that but to say with the Assembly's catechism that the chief end of man is to "glorify God and to enjoy him forever"? Thank God if it be true that these are the eternal commonplaces, and that the humblest individual soul as well as the greatest, by virtue of its birthright as a child of the Infinite Soul, is able to comprehend them and to trust them.

But above all these, comprehending them all, is his perception of a presence that I hardly know how to name, and that it sometimes seems he did not like to name. I asked a famous preacher what it was that he thought Emerson saw more clearly than other

men. He said, "It is the Immanent God." What Emerson would have called it if he had given it a name, I do not know — God, the Over-Soul, the Unknown, the Unity manifesting itself in beauty, in power, in love, in joy, in duty, existing everywhere, speaking in every age through some prophet of its own, — it spoke to our age its high commands through the lips of Emerson.

The exercises closed at forty-five minutes after five with the "Seventy-eighth Psalm," sung by the congregation to the tune of "St. Martins."

THE EVENING

THE EVENING

THE Social Circle met in the evening of May 25, 1903, at seven o'clock, in the vestry of the First Parish. It had been voted at a meeting February 3, 1903, "that Miss Ellen T. Emerson, Mrs. William H. Forbes and her children, and the family of Edward W. Emerson be invited . . . as guests of the Circle." Other guests were invited by the Committee and by the members individually, and in all one hundred and fifty-two were present.

At half-past seven the company took their seats, the guests invited by the vote of the Circle and those invited by the Committee sitting at tables upon the raised platform at the end of the room, with the Chairman of the Committee.

The tables were decorated with lady's-slipper and rhodora. A large portrait of Mr. Emerson, framed in branches of pink hawthorn, with a laurel wreath at its base, rested against the head table in front of the Chairman. Branches of wild cornel bush, wild cherry, and pink hawthorn filled the spaces on either side. On the walls hung extracts from Mr. Emerson's writings framed in pine boughs.

On the dinner card was the "Concord Hymn," a colored print of the rhodora blossom with four lines

from "The Rhodora," and the following tribute to the Social Circle written by Mr. Emerson to a friend December 17, 1844: —

"Much the best society I have ever known is a club in Concord called the Social Circle, consisting always of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, etc., solidest of men, who yield the solidest of gossip. Harvard University is a wafer compared to the solid land which my friends represent."

The menu was as follows: —

Little Necks

Radishes Olives

Cream of Lettuce

Toast Sticks

Turbans of Halibut Lobster Sauce

Sliced Cucumbers

Fillet of Beef

Potato Croquettes Green Peas

Asparagus, Hollandaise

Lettuce and Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise

Frozen Pudding Strawberries

Ice Cream and Water Ices

Assorted Cake

Toasted Crackers

Roquefort Cheese Cream Cheese

Coffee

During the dinner there was music by an orchestra, and then the Chairman, the Hon. John Shepard Keyes, rose and said: —

REMARKS OF JOHN SHEPARD KEYES

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Friends and Fellow Members of the Social Circle: — To-night is Emerson's, THE SEER.

> "Alone on his dim heights of song and dream
> He saw the dawn, and of its solace told.
> We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam
> And listened idly, for the night was cold.
>
> "Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,
> And though the way is dubious, dark the night,
> And though our dim eyes still await the dawn,
> We saw a face that once beheld the light."

This is the third time — and the third time never fails — that the ladies have attended a meeting of the Social Circle. The first occasion was at the Centennial of the Circle, the second was on a summer evening later, and to-night we have a majority of the fair sex with us. I am very glad to be able to present to you the President of the foremost women's college, the daughter of an especial friend of Emerson — Miss Hazard, of Wellesley College.

SPEECH OF CAROLINE HAZARD

MR. CHAIRMAN, and Members of the Social Circle: —I am sure it is a great honor to be accounted a member of this Social Circle for this one evening,

an honor which I prize very highly. I must say, when your Chairman of the day asked me to come here and say a word, I feared that I should be what Mr. Emerson would call "an unauthorized talker." But I have the authority, not only of the kind invitation of your Chairman, but what Mr. Emerson would recognize as the true authority — the authority of the affection and gratitude which I have — which all women must have — for the work which Mr. Emerson did for women as well as for men. It seems to me that that splendid message of the dignity of the person and of the worth of personality which he preached and was the preëminent example of — that message which he spoke to all young men and young women — comes with an especial force to the young women of to-day. When we think what New England was one hundred years ago, how it was truly a provincial New England, — a New England connected with the mother country by the closest ties, but still connected only with the mother country and not with the great world currents, — we also think of what Mr. Emerson did in widening that connection, in making the connection with the whole of German literature, with the revival of the study of Dante, and with all of those other currents of literature which have enriched our lives, and flow from his preaching and his awakening.

The dignity which he gave to the individual with his call to awake and arise — this splendid call to per-

sonality — sounded not only for men but for women. "The whole realm of history and biography," he says, "is to increase my self-respect. Then I venture; then I will also essay to be." And it was to what has been called the misrepresented and neglected sex that this call came with perhaps especial emphasis. It was a call to service. There were many women who were content with their daily round of duty, who found in it certainly all the room they could ask for self-denial; but the call to awaken to their own personality, to a conception of the worth of their own souls and the right that they had to live their own lives, — this call came with an especial force, as it seems to me, to the women of his day. We hope we have learned the lesson. There were some who carried the lesson farther than he ever intended, perhaps, but that call was a call which has aroused all that is best in the women of our land. Mr. Emerson himself, in his own beautiful and gracious life, in his association with women, recognized what the place of women could be in society and in the world. They had been too long merely pretty playthings. The young girl who ruled with an arbitrary authority for a brief hour, and then was consigned to household cares, too often as a housekeeper rather than as a companion of her husband — all that Mr. Emerson saw, and in his own life showed how it need not be. The value of his women friends, the value of the women of his own household, he cher-

ished and in every way increased by his own gracious and loving deference and the dignity of his own character. And so his splendid message of the value of personality, is a gift for us women to be especially grateful for.

And with that gift of the recognition of the value of the person came his recognition of the day, — the present moment, this hour, — whether the day came "in bud-crowned spring" or whether the day was —

> "Deformed and low,
> Short and bent by cold and snow."

This day, this present moment, as he said, is the best day that ever was. He said that every day was a doomsday, a day to be filled with work, a day to be filled with all high endeavor. Who of us does not recall with a thrill of joy that wonderful poem of the "Daughters of Time," and the herbs and the apples which were taken, and the solemn scorn with which he saw the day turn and depart silent? That splendid message comes to each one of us. And with the worth of the person and the value of the day came ever the sounding note of joy, — joy in the present, joy in life, joy in the world! These are his flowers, his rhodora, his pine-trees, his beauty in these Concord meadows that we love and rejoice in. As for the deeper sources of that joy, how full and subtle the intimations are as they gleam on his pages. "Of that Ineffable Essence which we call Spirit," he says, "he who thinks most will say least." He could say

with Sir Thomas Browne, "whoso feels not the warm gales and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives, for truly without this there is to me no heat under the tropic nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun."

It was here in these Concord meadows that he taught us that man may have fellowship with God, — "that man in the bush with God may meet." This was the source of his joy; this was the strength of his personality; this was the message which he preached to the men and women of his day, that over us

> "Soars the eternal sky
> Full of light and of Deity."

THE CHAIRMAN: Emerson had very little to do with the law, but he once got sued. A couple of scamps sold him a piece of land for his Walden garden, and another scamp undertook to contest the title, and the philosopher and poet had to become defendant in a suit. That was a good many years ago, and the lawyers were not perhaps then as brilliant as they are now. If he had only had such a lawyer as we have here to-night, — the foremost member of the Suffolk Bar, — I think the result would have been very different. I am very happy to present to you Moorfield Storey, Esq.

SPEECH OF MOORFIELD STOREY

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — I might well hesitate in this company of his old friends and neighbors to speak of Emerson, for what can I say that is not already known to you all? Nor is it easier to say the fitting word after all that you have heard to-day and all that many of you heard last night from lips that are far more eloquent than mine. I am encouraged, however, by the reflection that the better we love and honor a man, the more welcome is appreciation, even from strangers. We like to know that his quality was recognized by every one. I feel, however, a sense of personal obligation to your great teacher for the lesson that he taught me, and your Chairman's invitation came as a challenge to bear my testimony in recognition of my debt which I could not well refuse. I speak to-night, not as a contemporary and an equal, but simply as a representative of the younger generation which his words influenced profoundly. And I am glad that I have an opportunity, at this late hour of a long day spent in celebration, to speak briefly. I am satisfied that you will thank me for setting those who may come after me that good example.

I well remember the evening, early in my college course, when I first met Mr. Emerson. It was at his own table, and I have never forgotten the grave and gracious simplicity of his manner. He appeared

anxious rather to draw from me my opinions on the questions which he suggested than to express his own. Then and always he seemed to ask of each newcomer, "What have you to tell me?" His attitude was that of a learner, and conveyed a subtle suggestion that the ideas of his visitor might be of interest to him, which was at once unexpected and delightful. A friend of mine, now an eminent philosopher, has confessed to me that he was so beguiled by a similar appeal to himself at his first interview with Mr. Emerson that he launched into an exposition of his philosophic creed which, upon reflection, he felt must have been more interesting to himself than it was to his hearer. My memory retains the look and the gracious manner of my host, but, mercifully perhaps, does not recall my response.

It was from the writings of Mr. Emerson, however, that during our college life many of us learned our most valuable lessons. The vital thought which he thus expresses, — "Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other, and this makes him necessary to society," with its corollary that each is bound to discover what his faculty is, to develop it, and to use it for the benefit of mankind, was in itself a liberal education. It meant that every man, able or dull, superior or inferior, white, brown, or black, had his right to his chance of success, and it followed that no other man had a right to take that chance

away or to insist that his fellow man should be remade according to his ideas. He who has learned to be himself and to act upon his own convictions, regardless of personal consequences, "safe in himself as in a fate," and who does this naturally and simply, not claiming praise for being what he is, any more than the plant asks praise for blooming, has grasped the highest conception of duty.

Again, I learned from Mr. Emerson that the moral laws of the universe are as inexorable as the physical laws which govern the solar system, that they "execute themselves," that "in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish."

He who really believes this has an abiding faith which will enable him to view without impatience the crooked workings of the world and to wait with serenity for the inevitable punishment which waits upon wrong and the certain triumph of right, content to do his part while he may and indifferent to the insignificant question whether he lives to see the punishment and the triumph or not. Such seem to me in part Emerson's faith and his conception of duty, and happy he whose strength enables him to make them his own.

Not merely, however, in the supreme moments of life, and in the great crises of human affairs, does

Emerson help us. We may find in him a practical recognition of smaller troubles, and he teaches us, if not to avoid them, at least how to see them in their proper perspective. When, for example, we realize a long cherished ideal, and after a life of labor in the city, acquire a farm, we feel the truth of such words as these: —

"If a man own land, the land owns him. . . . With brow bent, with firm intent the pale scholar leaves his desk to draw a freer breath, and get a juster statement of his thought in the garden walk. He stoops to pull up a purslain or a dock that is choking the young corn, and finds there are two; close behind the last is a third; he reaches out his hand to a fourth; behind that are four thousand and one. He is heated and untuned, and by and by wakes up from his hideous dream of chickweed and redroot to remember his morning thought, and to find that with his adamantine purposes he has been duped by a dandelion. A garden is like those pernicious machineries we read of every month in the newspapers, which catch a man's coat, skirt, or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction."

There is a profound truth in this statement which every man who has tried farming recognizes. If I were to criticise it at all, I should say that he underestimates the number of weeds.

While we are considering the relation between tariff and treaty, we may read with advantage such

passages as this: "Do not legislate. Meddle, and you snap the sinews with your sumptuary laws. Give no bounties; make equal laws; secure life and property, and you need not give alms."

Against the panegyrics of war, which seem now to be the fashion, it is well to weigh his calm sentences:

"It is the ignorant and childish part of mankind that is the fighting part. Idle and vacant minds want excitement, as all boys kill cats." . . . In certain regions "of man, boy, or beast, the only trait that much interests the speaker is the pugnacious. And why? Because the speaker has as yet no other image of manly activity and virtue, none of endurance, none of perseverance, none of character, none of attainment of truth. Put him into a circle of cultivated men where the conversation broaches the great questions that besiege the human reason, and he would be dumb and unhappy as an Indian in church. . . . If the search of the sublime laws of morals and the sources of hope and trust in man and not in books, in the present and not in the past, proceed; if the rising generation can be provoked to think it unworthy to nestle into every abomination of the past, and shall feel the generous darings of austerity and virtue, then war has a short day, and human blood will cease to flow."

Citizens of Concord, yours is a great inheritance. You breathe an inspiring air. You celebrate at fitting times the first scenes in a great struggle for human freedom. The Minuteman marks the spot

where the shot was fired which startled the world. Are its echoes silent *here?* Is your admiration spent on the statue, or does it extend to the cause for which the Minuteman died? Are the sons of your fathers indifferent to the struggles of other men for freedom? Are they content to stand silently by while their fellow citizens in this country are denied their equal rights? Are they willing to help deprive another people of that liberty which is the birthright of all human beings?

You meet to-day to celebrate the birth of Emerson. Why? Because he taught great truths, or uttered vain aspirations for impossible ideals? Do you celebrate dates and names with empty forms, or do you really believe in the truths which make those dates and names significant? One proof of living faith in those truths, of willingness to maintain them no matter at what personal cost, whether found in vote or speech or effective action, were worth a hundred monuments and a thousand celebrations. Is it the name or the reality which calls us together? Are we trying to win honor for ourselves by professing to believe in the plain life and high thought which Emerson taught, or do we really believe? This is the question which this occasion asks us all, and only the conduct of our lives can answer it.

THE CHAIRMAN: — Your committee thought, notwithstanding the smallness of this room and the actual filling of it which you would make, that it

might be agreeable to invite — knowing they could not come — some of the distinguished foreigners who have so much admiration for Mr. Emerson and who were so friendly to him on his visit abroad. I have before me quite a package of the letters that they have sent in answer, all of them fortunately — inasmuch as we have but one vacant seat in the room — declining to come, and quite a number of them expressing a very high and exalted opinion both of the senders who do them this honor of inviting them, and of Mr. Emerson whom we are trying in this way to honor. However, I am not going to read these letters at this time. They will all be carefully preserved for the use and good reading of the Social Circle at some future time.[1] The vacant seat at this table was to have been occupied by a professor of Glasgow University, which, as you know, gave Mr. Emerson a very large vote for the position — the highest in the college — of Lord Provost; and although it did not elect him, fortunately for us, — as it might have taken him away more than we would have been willing, — he said of it that the voices of those young men were his fairest laurels. This gentleman, Professor Smith, was sent over here by the University to bear his tribute at this or some other of the celebrations in honor of Mr. Emerson; but he is unfortunately in a hospital in Toledo, Ohio, instead of being here. But he has sent to Mr. Hoar his tribute, and Mr. Hoar will oblige me by reading it.

[1] See Appendix, page 131.

SAMUEL HOAR: — Mr. Chairman, I received this to-day just before the afternoon celebration began. The length of that celebration prevented my presenting it to the audience then.

Mr. Hoar then read the following

MEMORIAL.[1]

We, a few of the Scottish and English admirers of the late R. W. Emerson, and of his writings, desire to associate ourselves with those who are celebrating in the United States his Centenary. We rejoice in the knowledge that his ethical teaching has so largely influenced to high and worthy aims the great nation to which he belonged, and we desire to testify how powerfully his teaching has affected for good very many in our own country. Many of his writings have been a life-long inspiration to people of the Anglo-Saxon nation all over the world.

Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, D. C. L., M. P.
Principal DONALDSON, of St. Andrews University.
Principal MARSHALL LANG, Aberdeen University.
Principal STORY, Glasgow University.
Rev. JOHN WATSON, D. D., of Liverpool (Ian Maclaren).
Rev. JOHN KELMAN, M. A., Edinburgh.
Rev. JAMES MOFFAT, Dundonald, Ayrshire.
Professor WALTER RALEIGH, Glasgow University.
Rev. HUGH BLACK, M. A., Edinburgh.
Mrs. MARY DREW (née Gladstone).

[1] See Appendix, page 131.

Miss AGNES C. MAITLAND, Somerville College, Oxford.
Professor HENRY GOUDY, D. C. L., Oxford.
Professor J. G. MCKENDRICK, Glasgow University.
Professor S. ALEXANDER, Owen's College, Manchester.
Professor GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Edinburgh University.
Professor GEORGE ADAM SMITH, Glasgow.
PATRICK W. CAMPBELL, W. S., Edinburgh.
Sir LESLIE STEPHEN.
Sir WILLIAM TURNER, Edinburgh University.
Professor MARCUS DODS, Edinburgh.
Professor LATTA, University, Glasgow.
Professor A. V. DICEY, All Souls, Oxford.
Professor ALEXANDER LAWSON, University, St. Andrews.
Professor C. H. HERFORD, Manchester.
Professor A. S. PRINGLE PATTISON.
EDMUND GOSSE, LL. D., London.

THE CHAIRMAN: — Rudyard Kipling declined his invitation, but we have his "Recessional" here tonight and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Parker sing it.

Kipling's "Recessional" was sung by Mr. George J. Parker, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Charles Edward Brown.

THE CHAIRMAN: — The gentleman who has perhaps honored the memory of Emerson by the grandest and most lasting memorial, and who proposed the plan for the Emerson Hall of Philosophy at Cam-

bridge, at an expense of $150,000, which sum he has already raised, is with us to-night, and we desire to thank him in this manner for the great service he has done for the memory of Emerson. I have pleasure in introducing to you Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard University.

SPEECH OF HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — The overwhelming kindness of your generous words, Mr. Chairman, adds much to the embarrassment with which I stand before you. I am deeply embarrassed indeed, — how can I, a foreigner, an outsider, rise at this occasion to speak to a circle of women and men, inspired from childhood by the atmosphere of Emerson's New England? I have been brought up near the Baltic Sea, and in my childhood the waves of the ocean seldom brought greetings from these New England shores to the shores of Germany. And yet my youth was not untouched by Emerson's genius. I am glad to mention this Emersonian influence abroad, because in the rich chord of the joyful enthusiasm of this day I missed only one overtone: a tone bringing out the grateful appreciation which Emerson found in the not-English speaking foreign countries. As far as I remember, I had only three American books, in German translation, in my little schoolday library. At ten I got a boys' edition of Cooper's *Leatherstocking;* at twelve I enjoyed

Longfellow's poems, but at fourteen I had Emerson's Essays. And they accompanied me through my student days; I read and reread them, and he became thus the star to which I hitched my little wagon when it was to carry me to the new world from the fatherland. This was not without effect on my own American experiences. Emerson's work had so often represented to me the spirit of the new world which I entered that my mental eye became so sensitive as to recognize the Emersonian lines and curves and forms everywhere in the background of American life. Most Europeans, and especially Germans, who come over, see everywhere the features of commercialism and practical utilitarianism. I was impressed by the idealism of this young, healthful community, and in the first essay which I published on America, in a German paper, only a few months after my first visit, I wrote with most sincere conviction: "If you really want to understand the deepest energies of this glorious country, do not consult the editorials of the yellow press of New York, but read the golden books of the wise man of Concord."

But, Mr. Chairman, I feel that I have no right to speak here as a German, since you have assured us that the foreign scholars have been invited for tonight, with the understanding that they are not allowed to come — if a cover has been laid for me, nevertheless, I take it that I was expected not to forget that I am here as the representative of the Harvard Philosophy Department. But, Mr. Chair-

man, the Philosophy Department of Harvard has not to report any new facts to-night. The Emerson story is very simple, very short, and completely known to you. We saw a year ago that the time had come to place an Emerson Hall for Philosophy on the Harvard Yard, and that it was necessary for that purpose to collect $150,000 before the 25th of May, 1903; we began thus to collect, and when we counted the contents of our purse, on the 23d of May, 1903, we found there $150,250. That is the whole simple story indeed, and yet some connotations to it may be in order, and I am most happy to make them in this company.

First, do not misunderstand the report of our treasurer; the sum I mentioned was meant from the beginning merely as a fund sufficient to secure a building,— not at all sufficient to secure the building for which we were hoping from the start. We want a spacious, noble, monumental hall — the architectural plans are drawn. To build it as the plans suggest it we need $100,000 more; and while we highly appreciate any small gifts toward this additional sum we are firmly determined not to reject even the largest contributions.

But all this refers to the externals, to the newspaper side of our memorial work; let me speak in this narrower circle of some more internal points. Seen from such an exoteric point of view, it may look as though we Harvard philosophers had said through all the year: "Happy public, you are fortu-

nate in being allowed to build a fine building for our splendid philosophy instruction, and now that the checks are written, the public may kindly remove itself and the students may fill their fountain pens to write down in the new building our glorious effusion of wisdom." Well, over there in Cambridge, we must impose on the freshmen and sophomores, but here let me say at once, we know exactly that the generous contributions of the community were not given to us but to Emerson. And if we ever forgot it, our benefactors reminded us of it. I asked, for instance, the help of Andrew Carnegie, and he gave generously, but when I replied that there would be rejoicing in Harvard that at last he had given to Harvard University, —I saw in the far background the big Harvard Library building we need so badly,— he left me not the slightest doubt that his pledge was for the Emerson Memorial, but not for Harvard as Harvard. Yes, it is thoroughly an Emerson building, a late expression of Harvard's gratitude for her greatest son.

But we know also that the value of this memorial gift lies not in its walls and roof, but in the kind of work which will develop within those walls. It will be a true Emerson memorial only if the words and work in that hall become help and guidance, wisdom and inspiration for new and new generations of Harvard men. There would be no hope of such influence if we instructors really entered into it with an air of self-satisfaction and self-complacency. Let me

assure you that it is exactly the opposite feeling with which we look into the future, and this conviction that we must fulfil our duty better, much better, than heretofore, is common to all of us in the whole large Department of Philosophy. A lucky chance brought to me this morning, when I left for Concord, a letter from our colleague, Professor Royce, who is spending his sabbatical year in the country of his childhood, in California. He finds the fit word better than I could hope to do; let me read from his letter. I had written to him that the success seems near, and he replies: —

"I feel very deeply how great are the responsibilities which the new gift places upon the shoulders of each teacher of the department which is thus endowed. I do not know how much I shall be able to do to live up to these new responsibilities. I only know that the news of the success of the Emerson Hall endowment fills me with a desire not only to improve here and there, but quite to make over afresh, and to change throughout for the better, my methods of work as a teacher of philosophy; and with a determination to devote myself as never before to the task of offering to philosophy and to Harvard my best services. That the founding of this new building may mean the beginning of a new life for philosophical study in our country, and the dawning of a new day for the interests of higher thought in our national affairs, is the earnest wish of your absent colleague."

This is the feeling of our common department's soul. We shall not enter the new Philosophy Hall with the feeling that we can sit there on our laurels, but with the firm promise that we will live up to the duties which the single word above its door demands from us. We all are united by the ideal to make our work in Emerson Hall worthy of the name that honors it.

Mr. Chairman, I see from your pretty menu-card that Emerson once said, "Harvard University is thin like a wafer compared with the solid land of our Social Circle in Concord." That was sixty years ago, and there has not been much change since that time, indeed. But now the change will come, believe us. Emerson Hall in Harvard University will be built on solid land, too, on the solid land of our best will and effort, and we will work that it may prove perhaps even not less solid than the Social Circle,— solid land on which to stand to-night gave me the greatest possible pleasure.

THE CHAIRMAN: — Dr. Emerson needs no introduction from me to you. He will occupy the few remaining moments before the time to leave for the train, and the exercises will then close with singing the "Battle Hymn" to the tune of "Old Hundred."

SPEECH OF EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, My Honored Friend, — My Friends and Neighbors: — The Social Circle, as stated in its book of chronicles, was not merely founded "for the diffusion of useful communications" by the twenty-five members who composed it, — some of which might be shared by their wives and some not, — but for the promotion of the social affections, that they should not die. I am glad to see how liberally the Circle has gone to work to promote them by such a thoroughly social and affectionate and catholic occasion as this.

Now, it makes me smile a little when, after the exercises that I have had the privilege of attending here and elsewhere, I think of a remark that I have so often heard my father make. My mother was constantly remembering that "Ten years ago to-day such a thing occurred," and other members of the family would remember other anniversaries. When at table such remarks were made, my father would often laugh and say, "Oh, it is always a hundred years from something." But he was so good a townsman and he had such an affectionate regard for his neighbors — and he construed that term very largely — that if we can conceive of him being present and receiving such a tribute as has been given to him to-day, it is very clear how it would have affected him. Some of you are too young — or too young

Concordians — to remember the burning of his house as far as the heroic mustering of his friends would allow it to be burned, for they, some of whom I see here to-night, at the risk of their lives, prevented the entire destruction and saved all his effects. Well, his friends had sent him abroad to restore his health, and he was coming home, and word had gone out that the steamer had come in, and the engineer was instructed to toot the whistle as the train came down the grade from Walden Woods if Mr. Emerson was on board, and the bells were ringing and the people gathered at the depot. Mr. Emerson was carried homeward delighted, under a triumphal arch, surrounded by his neighbors, with the school-children marching alongside, but he supposed in good faith that all this was a tribute to my sister Ellen. He did not realize that it was for him. But when after passing beneath a triumphal arch, he came to his own door, and found the house just as he had left it, with hardly a trace of the injury, and his study just as it was before, with all the books there, and then saw the waiting throng of friends and neighbors around his gate, it suddenly came over him what it meant. He sped down the marble walk to the gate, — I cannot say all that he said; it was but a few words, for the meaning of it all swept over him. He began, "My friends and neighbors! I am not wood nor stone." He articulated but a few words, but he made his meaning clear. And so we, his family, feel to-day.

Now, what was the reason, though not born in Concord, though a scholar living apart, though following his own lines regardless of other people's ideas, has caused him to be considered, first, as crazy, and then as atheistic, and then the charge resolved itself into pantheism, and then it became merely mysticism, and finally he was accepted, — what was the reason that he was accepted? It was for two reasons. In the first place, he never fought. He simply announced his message. He was a herald; he announced the word that was given to him, and it was not his part to defend it. The truth, he believed, would defend itself. There was no pugnacity in him. The truth needed no defence. He simply left it to work its own way, and so he aroused no opposition. In the second place, while finding good in all things, he saw even in the fierce and ferocious wars of the Middle Ages and the institutions of feudalism, this benefit, that it was a proof of the gentleman that he carried his life in his hands and was ready to answer for his word with his life, — it was exactly that which Mr. Emerson did: he answered for his words with his life. Many persons were not reading his words in those days; only a few were; but his life was before the people, and those who had read his words also came to see his life, and finding his life humble and serene and sweet and expectant and hopeful, they became his friends. He made friends everywhere as the sun in heaven makes friends.

But while he was an idealist, this story is told of him by a friend, that when the philosophers who were visiting him were discoursing in his study, a load of wood arrived for him and he said to them, "Excuse me, for a moment; we have to attend to these things just as if they were real." And so when his duty to his town and his country and his globe came up, he attended to those duties as if they were real. He went to town meeting, although his neighbor on the hill advised him not to go because "what you do with the ballot is no use — it won't stay so; but what you do with the gun stays done." But he went to town meeting, and I want to recall one word that he said. It is a good political tract, and very short. He said, "What business have you to stay away from the polls because you are paired off with a man who means to vote wrong? How shall you, who mean to vote right, be excused from staying away? Suppose the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ had paired off with an equal number of Persians. Would it have been the same to history? Would it have been the same to Greece? Would it have been the same to the world?" This morning, in the singing of the Ode at the town hall, I missed two verses. The time was short and they were therefore left out, but they were lasting truths that he announced — as true from 1898 to 1903 and onward as in the dark days of the Civil War. These were the omitted verses: —

"United States! The ages plead,—
Present and past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

"For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down."

Now, to turn to a more entertaining aspect of our subject, perhaps, I wish to tell two stories which were connected with the little book I wrote about my father, but which came to me too late to go into the book. I will try to make them brief, but they seem to me very delightful. Our good neighbor, Mr. Bowers, whom many of you remember, who lived on Heywood Street by the brook, — a patriot who always spoke so well in the temperance meetings and the Anti-slavery and Kansas meetings that my father, very humble about his own eloquence, always came home saying, "Bowers spoke admirably;" — when the war came shouldered his gun as a private in the three months' men, and afterwards served as captain throughout the war with credit. From various troubles, owing to the war, Mr. Bowers's reason was affected, and he was confined in Danvers Asylum willingly. But he did not forget his principles, and instantly set himself to make the life of the inmates as tolerable as he could. He would write to my sister and myself, asking if we would please send him some books, — "Why, the

people here have n't any books to read, and they would be a great comfort to them." When my memorial volume about my father came out, he wrote me and said, "I have no money, but will you send me your book?" and then wrote me such a letter that I said, "No price that has as yet been paid for that book has even approached the price you have paid for it." Mr. Bowers was a nephew of George Minott, who lived on the hill opposite my father's. Mr. Bowers was one day talking with his uncle, — an old agriculturalist and pot-hunter, who had only been to Boston once, when he marched there in 1812 with his gun and then he got so homesick for Concord that he promptly deserted; — as they stood there talking together, my father came out from his study with his tall hat on and his satchel in hand, going to Boston for the day. He paused as he reached the middle of that dusty diagonal leading to the upper sidewalk, as you know, and was apparently lost in meditation. They supposed he was meditating some profound problem. Undoubtedly, the problem was whether or no he had done with a certain book which should be carried back to the Athenæum. But Mr. Minott said to Mr. Bowers, "Charley, that man ain't like other men. He is like Enoch. He walks with God and talks with his angels." I am sometimes tempted to ask how many graduates of Harvard College would know who Enoch was.[1]

[1] Mr. Samuel Hoar, on behalf of the University, officially

The other story was this. Mr. Bowers was temporarily curator of the Lyceum. The minister of a neighboring town, who had a sonorous voice which he, with others, enjoyed, and a florid style of rhetoric, was to have lectured, but was unexpectedly detained. Mr. Bowers came down to ask Mr. Emerson if he would read something. Mr. Emerson said: "Yes; I could read you something; but will the people who are assembled to hear the sound of the trumpet be content with a penny whistle ? "

Mr. Emerson's love for his townsfolk, especially for the boys and girls, was very great. How little conscious was the boy, as he passed the gate, riding a horse to be shod, or the girls walking to school, — how little conscious of the admiration that they excited in him and his pleasure in watching them pass. He had a little book which he called *Auto* among his manuscripts in which he noted a few points especially characteristic of himself. One thing he wrote was, "I have never seen a man that could not teach me something. I always felt that in some point he was my master." It was so with women and with children. We had once a friend, a charming young girl, visiting us at our house. One morning, through some family exigency, she was alone at breakfast with Mr. Emerson and poured out his cup of coffee for him. She felt very much abashed. She felt unable to discourse on

informs me that Harvard students are familiar with Enoch *because he was translated some time ago.*

philosophy, but she said it suddenly came over her, "Mr. Emerson could not fix over an old dress, he could not do plain sewing the way I can do it, to save his life." Then she felt better, and they got on together beautifully after that. I wish she had said it to him; it would have delighted him. When I was in college many persons used to come to ask Mr. Emerson questions, — young people often no older than I. But you know how it is; boys are not apt to ask their fathers questions. They ask some other person's father. I was surprised to see how the boys who came there did so. I seldom asked a very serious question of him, but I recall one answer with pleasure. It was about Immortality. I ventured to ask what he thought. This was the answer: — "I think we may be sure that, whatever may come after death, no one will be disappointed." That seemed to cover all our concern about the future.

My father's delight in his farm and what he found in it — except the weeds — has already been mentioned. I like to close with this incident, because, you know, in the pictures of the good men and women who have been canonized, they are represented with some emblem, — a book or a wheel or a cross or a sword, as an attribute. David Scott, the Edinburgh painter, has this one merit in that wooden picture that he made of my father, in that he recognized that my father stood for Hope, and he put the rainbow in the background — the symbol of

hope. Mr. Emerson, finding everything good in Concord, and near at hand in his home, wrote this:—

> "The sun athwart the cloud thought it no sin
> To use my land to put his rainbow in."

The evening closed with the "Concord Hymn" sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," in which all present were asked to join.

CONCORD HYMN:

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH of Glasgow, who was unexpectedly prevented from attending the dinner of the Social Circle, writes, under date of May 23, 1903: —

"I had hoped to get to Concord to represent my country at the great memorial of one as highly honoured with us as with you. . . . I enclose the letter from Scottish (and a few English) admirers of Mr. Emerson. The number could easily have been quadrupled."

In sending his signature to the letter mentioned by Professor Smith, Sir Leslie Stephen wrote to Mr. Campbell:

"I should be proud to think that any value could be attached to my expression of respect and admiration for Emerson. No man of his time, I think, had a loftier or purer character, or did more to raise the intellectual level of his contemporaries. . . . I can never read his writings without being, for the time at least, a better man."

Among the letters referred to by the Chairman were the following: —

CABINET DU DIRECTEUR
LUNDI ET VENDREDI
DE 3 À 5 HEURES.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES,
15, RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ,
PARIS, le 2 Mai 1903.

M. F. Brunetière serait heureux, tant en son nom personnel que comme directeur de la *Revue des Deux Mondes*

si les circonstances lui avaient permis de prendre part au Banquet que le *Social Circle de Concord* va célébrer en l'honneur du grand penseur Américain: Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mais s'il est privé du plaisir d'y assister il tient à témoigner de son admiration pour celui qui sera le héros de cette fête et il prie M. le Président Keyes de vouloir bien être l'interprète de ses sentiments.

30 HYDE PARK GATE, LONDON.
April 30, 1903.

Dr. Stanton Coit begs to thank the Social Circle in Concord for their kind invitation to the banquet on May 25th. He regrets that he cannot be present, but although so far away he is doing what he can to celebrate the anniversary of Emerson's birthday. A special service will be held on Sunday, May 24, at the West London Ethical Society in memory of Emerson when Dr. Coit will deliver a commemoration address on Emerson.

JOHN S. KEYES, ESQ.

4 LAVEROCKBANK ROAD, EDINBURGH.
May 8, 1903.

JOHN S. KEYES, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to thank you, and through you the "Social Circle of Concord," for the great honour done me in inviting me to the banquet on the centenary of Mr. Emerson's birthday. I am only sad that as an octogenarian, I am now too old to undertake all that my attendance in Concord would mean.

I know not that I ever met on earth a man of the nobility of Emerson: it was a moral exaltation simply to have seen him. That I did see him has been one of the

calms of my life: reverence and love always accompany my memory of the evening I spent with him.

It will always be a joy to know that I was associated with those five hundred Glasgow University Student Voices which Mr. Emerson himself spoke of as his "Fairest Laurel."

I do hope you and the Circle will readily sympathize with me in my sorrow not to be present on such a memorable occasion of the honouring of Emerson.

Wishing you and the Circle the full joy of success on that auspicious May twenty-fifth, I am,

Most respectfully,
Yours and theirs,
JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING.

30 NEWBATTLE TERRACE, EDINBURGH.
14 May, 1903.

DEAR SIR: — I have to thank you very heartily for your kind invitation to the banquet which the "Social Circle in Concord" are to give on the 25th inst., in honour of Emerson's centenary.

It is a real pleasure to me to hear of this banquet in memory of my Uncle's much loved and highly appreciated friend; and it is with deep regret that I have to decline the invitation to be present, so kindly tendered me, on the grounds of distance from Concord and my many engagements. But tho' absent in body, I shall be with you in spirit on the memorable twenty-fifth of May, and heartily wish success to the celebration.

With many thanks and kind wishes,
I am, yours sincerely,
ALEX. CARLYLE.

JOHN S. KEYES, ESQ.,
CONCORD, U. S. A.

Balliol College,
May 3, 1903.

Dear Sir: — Will you express to the members of the Social Circle of Concord my great regret that I cannot accept their kind invitation. Emerson teaches us not to lay too much weight on the conditions of time and space, but they sometimes come in one's way in the details of practice. I heartily sympathize with you in doing honour to one who has done so much to elevate the tone of literature and to encourage ideal ways of thinking among all English speaking people.

I am much obliged to the Social Circle for the kindness of this invitation. I am,

Very respectfully,

E. Caird.

House of Commons,
May 7, 1903.

Dear Sir: — Permit me to thank the members of the Social Circle in Concord for their very kind invitation to be present at the banquet to be held on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the most illustrious citizen of Concord, and to express my sincere regret that it is impossible for me to leave England at present, and have the pleasure of attending this celebration. I had the honour and pleasure of knowing Mr. Emerson, and retain the most vivid recollection of the charm of his manner and conversation. No life and no character better deserves to be commemorated by the people of New England than his does. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

James Bryce.

Chairman of the Committee.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,
May 19, 1903.

DEAR SIR: — I must apologize for the delay in replying to your most kind invitation to the banquet of the "Social Circle in Concord" on May twenty-fifth, the anniversary of the birthday of its most distinguished member, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The delay was caused by my absence on the continent, my letters not being forwarded.

It would have given me the greatest pleasure, had it been possible, to be present at your banquet in the flesh, as I shall certainly be in the spirit, on Monday night. The spell of Emerson's home does not lose its power as the years go by, and I have myself had the great pleasure of visiting the scenes round which his memory clings, and others in your beautiful Concord.

May I ask you to be so kind as to convey to the other members of your "Social Circle" my regrets that I cannot avail myself of the invitation with which you have honoured me.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES SETH.

JOHN S. KEYES, ESQ.,
CONCORD, MASS.

PALERMO,
5 Maggio, 1903.

ILL^mo. SIG^r. PRESIDENTE: — Dolente di non potere assistere al simposio che cotesto *Circolo Sociale* terrà in onore del grande idealista Ralph Waldo Emerson nel centesimo anniversario della sua nascita, prego Lei Signor John S. Keyes di volermi rappresentare in tale fausta ricorrenza

e di voler porgere ai socii tutti di cotesto nobile Sodalizio il mio affettuoso saluto nel nome dell' immortale pensatore, le cui opere sono il mio *vademecum* e il porto nel quale is raccoglie il mio spirito sconfortato dallo scetticismo invadente.

Le stringo fraternamente la mano

Il suo devotissimo,

ANDREA LO FORTE RANDI.

In addition to the foregoing letters, formal expressions of regret for their inability to be present were received from the following: —

Giosuè Carducci, Bologna.
Professor A. V. Dicey, All Souls College, Oxford.
Shadworth H. Hodgson, London.
Rudyard Kipling, Sussex, England.
Sir Frederick Pollock, London.
Herbert Spencer, Brighton, England.
Bernard Bosanquet, Oxshott, Surrey, England.

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD

MAY, 1903

John Shepard Keyes	Henry Dingley Coolidge
Julius Michael Smith	William Lorenzo Eaton
Henry Francis Smith	John Leach Gilmore
Edward Waldo Emerson	Samuel Hoar
William Henry Hunt	George Eugene Titcomb
David Goodwin Lang	William Wheeler
Alfred Munroe	Loren Benjamin Macdonald
Prescott Keyes	Stedman Buttrick
Woodward Hudson	Harvey Wheeler
Richard Fay Barrett	Francis Augustine Houston
Edward Jarvis Bartlett	Thomas Hollis
Charles Edward Brown	Russell Robb
William Henry Brown	Frederic Alcott Pratt
	Adams Tolman

CENTENARY COMMITTEES

Executive

Samuel Hoar

Loren Benjamin Macdonald	Thomas Hollis
William Lorenzo Eaton	Edward Jarvis Bartlett

On the Dinner

John Shepard Keyes

John Leach Gilmore	Richard Fay Barrett
Charles Edward Brown	Woodward Hudson

On Publication

Frederic Alcott Pratt

William Lorenzo Eaton	Woodward Hudson

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